

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1455.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1844.

PRICE 8d.
Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Traité des Phénomènes Electro-Physiologiques des Animaux. Par C. Matteucci. Paris, chez Fortin Masson et Cie.; London, H. Baillière.

It is with feelings of a mixed nature that we regard the donation of the Copley medal of the Royal Society for the present year. The royal medals have recently been given for subjects which have attracted little attention and deserve little comment; but the researches of Signor Matteucci possess a great degree of interest, and were it not for one drawback, certainly merit an honorary reward. The drawback to which we allude, and have alluded at a former period, is, however, a serious one, viz. the extreme cruelty attendant upon many of the experiments. We affect no morbid sentimentality upon the question of animal suffering. That "the poor beetle that we tread upon, in corporal sufferance feels a pang as great as when a giant dies," may be more poetically beautiful than philosophically true. But though the sacrifice of cold-blooded animals, such as frogs, when death is inflicted speedily, so that the animal has ceased to exist before the quivering limbs are experimented on, may admit of some degree of justification if the results are greatly beneficial to science; yet the excruciating and enduring torture to which the Italian galvanist has, in many of his investigations, subjected living animals, admits of no defence. It is doing much evil for little good; and on this ground, and on this alone, we regret the selection made by the Royal Society.

Having made this protest in favour of the inferior orders of the creation—sentient, though not human—we shall proceed to present to our readers a brief analysis of the recently published works of Signor Matteucci, the title of the principal of which heads this article. This work possesses considerable interest as to the history and prospects of *galvanism*; a word which is now beginning to be generally applied, and we think appropriately, to the physiological portion of electricity; while the term *voltalism* is used for the inorganic portion of it.

During fifty-three years the claims of Galvani to be considered the first person who produced muscular convulsions in animals by touching them with metals, has been undisputed; it will therefore doubtless not a little surprise our readers when they hear that Swammerdam has recently been proved by M. Dumeril to have published, as early as the middle of the 17th century, the identical experiment upon which principally the fame of Galvani rests. The following is the description of Swammerdam's experiment, made before the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in 1678:—"Let a muscle be placed within a glass tube, from which muscle a nerve protrudes, the latter being wrapped round with a small silver-wire, by means of which it may be raised without injury. Make this wire pass across a ring made at the extremity of a small support, in copper, soldered to a sort of piston. The fine silver-wire is so arranged that, in passing between the glass and the piston, the nerve can be drawn by the hand, and made to touch also the copper: the muscle is instantly seen to contract." We have given the above

as nearly as it can be rendered from the French of Dumeril. The exact form of the apparatus is not very clearly deducible from the passage: there can, however, be no doubt but that it is, as far as the philosophy of it goes, the identical experiment of Galvani.

If, however, our readers be surprised that an experiment so remarkable, and made before the Grand Duke of Tuscany, should have so completely sunk into oblivion, they will be no less surprised when they hear that the received story about Galvani's first discovery is all a fable. "It may be proved," says M. Arago, "that the immortal discovery of the voltaic pile arose in the most immediate and direct manner from a slight cold with which a Bolognese lady was attacked in 1790, for which her physician prescribed the use of the frog-bath." M. Arago is in this case, as he frequently is, very much in the wrong; though here, perhaps, he may have a little better excuse than usual.

Galvani, as is now proved from authentic documents in the Academy of Bologna, had been seventeen years employed upon the convulsive movements of the muscles of frogs. Before this same year, 1790, Galvani, without it appears, knowing any thing of Swammerdam's experiments, constantly occupied himself with researches on the subject. From that time to the year 1791, when his experiment first attracted public attention, he was well aware of the facts and theories of electricity then prevalent. He himself explained the convulsion of frogs, when in proximity to an electric spark, by the same theory as it is now explained, the inductive disturbance of the atmosphere. He himself made a fearful experiment in 1786, to ascertain if a similar effect could be produced upon his own muscles to that which he had produced upon the muscles of a frog: he grasped with his hands an insulated atmospheric conductor during the lightning-flashes of a thunder-storm! and it was on the 20th of September, 1786, that he published his "Experiments on the Electricity of the Metals."

Galvani supposed the existence of animal electricity, or an electric fluid, which he imagined to be condensed in the interior part of the muscle; and the objection of the apparent homogeneity of the muscular structure, he met by pointing out the tourmaline crystal as giving rise to electric currents, though also apparently homogeneous. However, he says that many of the contractions obtained by means of the metallic arc are due to the arc itself. He also stated that the direction of what he called the electric *torrent* was from the muscle to the nerve. It is difficult to say how he ascertained this fact, as the galvanometer was then unknown.

We wish our space permitted us to enter more at large into the discoveries and theories of Galvani. There is no more pleasing task of history, than to rescue from oblivion the previsions of genius which have been too little appreciated. Now followed the celebrated controversy between Galvani and Volta. The great discovery of the latter, the greatest of any age, eclipsed Galvani's fame; and giving mankind new powers, gave with them an erroneous theory, which is scarcely yet entirely exploded.

Passing over these matters, which have been reiterated *ad nauseam* in all the treatises on electricity, we come to the researches of Matteucci himself, many of which are developments, with the aid of increased knowledge and increased instrumental accuracy, of the necessarily immature researches of Galvani. We shall not exactly arrange the points we intend to notice in the order given in the work of M. Matteucci, but shall select them from a mass of other matter, partly historical, partly original, contained in his work and published papers, and all possessing more or less interest for the electro-physiologist.

1st. The muscular current.

If an incision be made into the muscular parts of a living animal—say the breast of a pigeon—and the nerve of a prepared frog be made to touch at the same instant the interior and exterior portion of the wound, the instant that the contact is effected the limb of the frog is convulsed. By proper precaution and test-experiments it can be proved, that this result does not obtain in consequence of any difference in the fluids, or other adventitious causes, but is dependent upon the different portions of the muscles touched before the vital functions are quite extinct. If now a series of portions of muscle be cut off from recently killed animals, and arranged in series, so that the interior portions of one shall touch the exterior portion of the next, and so on, an instrument will be obtained having the characters of a voltaic pile; and the needle of a galvanometer will be deflected in different directions, according as the terminals of its surrounding coil are connected with either extremity of this animal pile, the current, as it is called, of positive electricity being found to flow from the interior to the exterior portion of the muscle. This pile may be made of the muscles of any animal. That which M. Matteucci generally employs is composed of the lower halves of frogs' thighs, which, having a funnel shape, the external muscle can easily be inserted into the internal. With a series of five or six of these a delicate galvanometer can be sensibly deflected. The current in this experiment passes in the direction of the point of the funnel, or, as it were, down the legs.

2. The electric current peculiar to the frog.

Let the lower limbs of a number of frogs be prepared as for Galvani's experiment, and the portion of the spine attached to the crural nerves of the one be placed between the feet of the second, and so in series, an electric current will be detected by the same means as in the former experiment—in this case passing from the feet to the spine. Though the second effect is very different from the first, and exists only in the frog, the difference of direction is not so marked as it would at first sight appear to be; as, if the upper halves of the leg be taken in the first case instead of the lower, the current would appear to flow up the legs, it in fact passing from the interior to the exterior muscles, would have an apparent difference of direction, according to the bend of the exterior muscle.

Whether the second current, or that peculiar to the frog, is traceable to the same causes as the first or muscular current, is as yet undetermined.

3. Sympathetic galvanic action.

This phenomenon is perhaps the most curious one discovered by M. Matteucci. If the sciatic nerve, protruding from the leg of a prepared frog, be laid on the thigh-muscle of another prepared frog, and this latter be thrown into convulsions by touching its nerve with a voltaic pair, the two limbs or sets of limbs will exhibit exactly the same movements, kicking together as if they belonged to the same animal, though the nerve of the one limb forms no part of the voltaic circuit, and merely touches the exterior muscle of that which does form part of it: if a piece of platina be interposed, however, no effect is produced upon the extra-circuit limb.

4. Relation between the mechanical force of the galvanised muscle and the chemical expenditure necessary to produce it.

The attempt to ascertain this relation is but partially successful; the interfering circumstances are so many, that the difficulties of an accurate comparison appear insurmountable. A weight is suspended to the prepared legs of a frog; and, by means of an index attached to the weight, each kick of the legs marks on a revolving disc, covered with soot, a curve depending upon the velocity of its movement. By examining these curves, and comparing them with the quantity of gas evolved in a voltmeter by the simultaneous action of the battery, and eliminating interfering actions, such as the conducting power of the muscles, the surplus power of the voltaic combination, the counter action of the flexor muscles, &c., a certain rude approach is made to a comparison between the chemical and mechanical equivalents. It will be evident that, independently of all the other difficulties, as the vital power of the frog is constantly diminishing, and as no two frogs can have the same muscular power, but a very distant approximation can be made as to the real relation. The only result that can be at all considered established is, that a greater mechanical power may be attained by the consumption of a given amount of zinc by means of the limbs of a frog, than when the zinc is used to work an electro-magnetic or other inorganic machine. This might be practically applied by keeping a cab-horse at starvation-point, and supplying his deficient muscular power by a voltaic battery: the only question then would be, whether the hay for the horse or the acids for the battery cost the more.

5. The different effects of voltaic currents upon the single or mixed nerve.

It was known before M. Matteucci's researches, that when a voltaic current was applied, at a certain period after the death of the animal, to the mixed nerve, or that composed of the cords which convey both the power of motion and sensation, the convulsion of the limb took place only at the commencement of the direct current, or that which passed from the nervous centres to the extremities; and at the interruption or cessation of the inverse current, or that which was made to pass in the opposite direction. M. Matteucci, with the assistance of M. Longet, has proved that when the nerve of motion only is exposed to the influence of the voltaic current, the reverse effect obtains; i. e. the convulsions take place at the interruption of the direct, and at the commencement of the inverse current,—a fact bearing immediately upon the great discovery of Bell on the twofold character of the sensitive and motory nerves, and certainly of great importance to physiology.

6. The electrical functions and anatomy of the torpedo.

The researches on the torpedo are so much matter of anatomical detail, that we scarcely know what points to select as standing sufficiently in relief to be intelligible and interesting to our readers: we will, however, attempt to give a few of the results.

The discharges of the torpedo are, as is now pretty generally known, effected by the volition of the animal.

The torpedo consumes more oxygen when using its electrical organs than when they are inert.

No electrical current can be detected passing through the nerves which lead to the electrical organs while these are in action; indeed, M. Matteucci has never succeeded in detecting an electric current pervading a nerve in any animal, though he has tried some cruel experiments on living animals for this purpose, which we will not here relate.

Division of the electric organs, provided the nervous communication be left intact, does not impair the intensity of the discharges.

The action of the electrical lobe of the brain can be excited by touching, and by the voltaic pile, long after the animal has apparently ceased to live.

The action of the electrical lobe of the brain continues when it is separated from the other lobes of the brain and from the spinal marrow.

Violent muscular contraction may take place in parts bordering on the electrical organ without any electrical discharge taking place.

Such are a few of the leading points embraced by the researches of Signor Matteucci. Undoubtedly the connexion of the inorganic with the vital forces, which the study of animal electricity involves, is a tempting mystery for the natural philosopher to investigate. Of the tree of knowledge of the sources of vitality it is probable man is never destined to taste; perhaps, indeed, the whole secret is comprehended in the words *I exist*: this may be all we can know, all we are to know, on this fearful but absorbing subject. But whether this be so or not, the minor springs which influence the dimly seen functions of organic life are objects of examination infinite in number, in variety, and in interest. When these can be examined without cruelty, they afford matter for inquiry high in its importance either as regards the acquisition of abstract knowledge or of remedial power; but when they can only be obtained at the expense of exquisite animal suffering, this, whether viewed as to its immediate atrocity or as to its not less injurious reflex effect in rendering callous the best feelings of the spectator, shall ever meet with our most earnest deprecation.

Imagination and Fancy; or, Selections from the English Poets, illustrative of those first requisites of their Art. With Remarks, &c. By Leigh Hunt. Pp. 345. Smith, Elder, and Co.

WE met "a good-natured friend" in the street yesterday, who, after the usual London salutations, "Ho! d'yedoe?" and "Any thing new?" remarked to us, *en passant*, that he had just casually dipped in Leigh Hunt's *Tattler*, of some ten or twelve years ago; and asked us if we remembered the capital dressing we had received from his pen? No question could have been more *mal apropos*; for we had just finished reading his volume under the above title, with the intention to review it in the *Literary Gazette*. So we pondered a little upon the subject; having long since forgiven, if we had not forgotten, if ever it made any impression upon us, the satirical girding of our estimable contem-

porary. The reminiscence accordingly fell to the ground, except as giving rise to a few reflections.

Leigh Hunt and the Writer are ten,—say, more than twenty years older, and let us hope proportionately wiser, than when they bickered about politics or differed about poetry. So many revolutions of the sun are great sedatives; and, especially in regard to literature, produce considerable changes on the mind. We will not speak of ourselves, however; but of Mr. Hunt. To our apprehension his advance in age has been eminently beneficial to him both as a critic and a poet. The first is not surprising, because practice and experience in this pursuit, as in all others of even mechanical and certainly of intellectual nature, must tend to improve the judgment and enlarge the capacity. There can be no Young England in Criticism. In Poetry the case is somewhat different; but in this respect also we must say we read Leigh Hunt with more pleasure than in former days: it may be partly that our perceptions have been longer cultivated, and, according to the above canon, rendered more capable of appreciating him, but we rather think it is owing to his own advance and superiority. He has himself in this volume, in a most agreeable essay, treated of the question, "What is Poetry?" and we are inclined to agree in nearly all his conclusions. But it will then be urged, how can we prize his elder above his younger compositions;—how the verse of any bard reposing towards the vale of life above the strains struck out in the fire and enthusiasm of youth? In reply, we would observe, that there are various classes of poetry, which require various qualities to exalt them to their highest value. The strikingly imaginative and inventive, the fervent, glowing, and passionate, the amative, may suit better with the youthful temperament; but even these often furnish exquisite themes for riper age, where there is an inherent and original ardour of spirit, and the fancy has been nourished with the true food of poetic inspiration. On the other hand, increase of years serves but to cherish tastes and feelings which cannot pertain to boyhood; and out of which flow the masterpieces of other sorts of verse, the reflective, the philosophical, the kind-hearted, the charm of the present and the delight of future times. Such, in our opinion, are the effusions of Leigh Hunt. With him the asperities of criticism are happily worn out, and he is more apt to see what is beautiful and worthy of admiration than what are blemishes, which every superficial driveller can find out and censure. The humane, the social, and the good, are the fruits he now draws from or ingrafts upon poetry; and he leaves the little faults to be dealt with by the little-minded, who suppose they cannot be deemed acute without being censorious, or just without being bitter. In like manner, he has learnt more immediately and distinctly than ever to catch at a glance the recondite force and charm of a single epithet or word which adorns the muse: the most minute touch is not lost upon him. In *Ainsworth's Magazine*, for instance, he has just concluded some graceful papers, called "A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla," and in the last No. we find him pointing to examples of this kind. As in a line of Coleridge,

"So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long-lingering knell."

did ever sound make sweeter echo to the sense? And Byron's pure and elevating verse on the *Ave Maria*, a light of heaven in the midst of the earthly fogs of *Don Juan*, when

"The faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest-leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer."

Such thoughts and such language escape not the being who has the music of poetry in his soul; and as for those whom they do escape, who have neither apprehension nor heart to notice them, let none such be trusted either as critics or men. They belong to the incapables and brutal.

Having thus cursorily offered some of our reasons for loving the later productions of Leigh Hunt, we must yet say a few words of the elegant volume (we mean in outward appearance, for the word would not correctly apply to the contents) he has now presented to the public. The Preface begins: "This book is intended for all lovers of poetry and the sister arts, but more especially for those of the most poetical sort, and most especially for the youngest and the oldest: for as the former may incline to it for information's sake, the latter will perhaps not refuse it their good-will for the sake of old favourites. The editor has often wished for such a book himself; and as nobody will make it for him, he has made it for others." Its object (the author continues) is threefold: to present the public with some of the finest passages in English poetry, so marked and commented;—to furnish such an account, in an essay, of the nature and requirements of poetry, as may enable readers in general to give an answer on those points to themselves and others;—and to show, throughout the greater part of the volume, what sort of poetry is to be considered as poetry of the most poetical kind, or such as exhibits the imagination and fancy in a state of predominance, undisputed by interests of another sort. Poetry, therefore, is not here in its compound state, great or otherwise (except incidentally in the Essay), but in its element, like an essence distilled. All the greatest poetry includes that essence, but the essence does not present itself in exclusive combination with the greatest form of poetry. It varies in that respect from the most tremendous to the most playful effusions, and from imagination to fancy through all their degrees."

And finely has Mr. Hunt wrought out his design: his mosaic is of the richest, the rarest, and most graceful materials, and his commentaries worthy of them. Of Shelley we rejoice to read the following testimony: it seems to remove much of a load respecting him from our mind. He died at the age of thirty! and his friend writes thus:—

"Among the many reasons which his friends had to deplore the premature death of this splendid poet and noble-hearted man, the greatest was his not being able to repeat to a more attentive public his own protean, not only against some of his earlier effusions (which he did in the newspapers), but against all which he had written in a wailing and angry, instead of an invariably calm, loving, and therefore thoroughly helping spirit. His works, in justice to himself, require either to be winnowed from what he disliked, or to be read with the remembrance of that dislike. He had sensibility almost unique, seemingly fitter for a planet of a different sort, or in more final condition, than ours: he has said of himself,—so delicate was his organisation,—that he could

"hardly bear

The weight of the superincumbent hour;"

and the impatience which he vented for some years against that rough working towards good, called evil, and which he carried out into conduct too hasty, subjected one of the most naturally pious of men to charges which hurt his

name and thwarted his philanthropy. Had he lived, he would have done away all mistake on these points, and made every body know him for what he was—a man idolised by his friends—studious, temperate, of the gentlest life and conversation, and willing to have died to do the world a service. For my part, I never can mention his name without a transport of love and gratitude. I rejoice to have partaken of his cares, and to be both suffering and benefiting from him at this moment; and whenever I think of a future state, and of the great and good Spirit that must pervade it, one of the first faces I humbly hope to see there is that of the kind and impassioned man whose intercourse conferred on me the title of the Friend of Shelley."

But probably, in conjunction with the essay to which we have already alluded, the portion of the volume before us which will excite most gratification, will be that entitled "The Spenser Gallery." Here, after a congenial introduction, the author goes on to shew how perfect are the pictures of the poet; so perfect, that it only wants the canvass to paint them to the eye, transferred from the language of him of whom Bishop Hurd truly observed: "In spite of philosophy and fashion, Faerie Spenser still ranks highest amongst the poets; I mean, with all those who are either of that house or have any kindness for it. Earth-born critics may blaspheme;

"But all the gods are ravish'd with delight
Of his celestial song and music's wondrous might."

Well, therefore, might Hunt entertain the happy idea of representing Spenser (in a Gallery of Pictures) as "The Poet of the Painters;" and so ably has he executed his task, that we trust we shall have some of our best artists embodying the subjects. We must (though quoting an ancient name) select three or four specimens herewith to conclude this hasty review.

"HOPE."

Character, Sweetness without Devotedness; Painter, Correggio.

"With him went Hope in rank, a handsome maid,
Of cheerful look, and lovely to behold:
In silken samite she was light array'd;
And her fair locks were woven up in gold.
She always smiled; and in her hand did hold
An holy-water sprinkle dipp'd in dew,
With which she sprinkled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking shew;
Great liking unto many, but true love to few."

"And her fair locks," &c.—What a lovely line is that! and with a beauty how simple and sweet is the sentiment portrayed in the next three words, "She always smiled!" But almost every line of the stanza is lovely, including the felicitous Catholic image of the

"Holy-water sprinkle dipp'd in dew."

Correggio is in every colour and expression of the picture."

"MAY."

Character, Budding Beauty in male and female; Animal Passion; Luminous Fervid colouring; Painter, Titian.

"Then came fair May, the fairest maid on ground,
Deck'd all with dainties of her season's pride,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around:
Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
The twins of Leda; which, on either side,
Supported her like to their sovereign queen.
Lord! how all creatures laugh'd when her they spied,
And leap'd and danced as they had ravish'd been;
And Cupid's self about her flutter'd all in green."

"Then came," &c.—Raphael would have delighted (but Titian's colours would be required) in the lovely and liberal uniformity of this picture—the young goddess May supported aloft; the two brethren on each side; animals and flowers below; birds in the air; and Cupid streaming overhead in his green mantle. Imagine the little fellow, with a body of Titian's

carnation, tumbling in the air, and playfully holding the mantle, which is flying amply behind, rather than concealing him. This charming stanza beats the elegant but more formal invocation to May by Milton, who evidently had it in his recollection. Indeed, the latter is almost a compilation from various poets. It is, however, too beautiful to be omitted here.

"Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."

"Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

Spenser's "Lord! how all creatures laugh'd" is an instance of joyous and impulsive expression not common with English poets out of the pale of comedy. They have geniality in abundance, but not animal spirits."

"A NYMPH BATHING."

Character, Ecstasy of Conscious and Luxurious Beauty; Painter, Guido.

"Her fair locks which formerly were bound
Up in one knot, she low adown did loose,
Which flowing long and thick, her cloth'd around,
And the ivory in golden mantle gown'd:
So that fair spectacle was from him reft,
Yet that which reft it, no less fair was found:
So hid in locks and waves from looker's theft,
Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left."

"Withal she laugh'd, and she blush'd withal,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her blushing."

"Withal she laugh'd," &c.—Perhaps this is the loveliest thing of the kind, mixing the sensual with the graceful, that ever was painted. The couplet *So hid in locks and waves, &c.* would be an excessive instance of the sweets of alliteration, could we bear to miss a particle of it."

"A KNIGHT IN BRIGHT ARMOUR LOOKING INTO A CAVE."

Character, A deep effect of Chiaroscuro, making deformity visible; Painter, Rembrandt.

"But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthful knight would not for aught be stay'd,
But forth unto the darkness hole he went,
And looked in. His glittering armour made
A little glooming light, much like a shade;
By which he saw the ugly monster plain,
Half like a serpent horribly display'd,
But th' other half did woman's shape retain,
Most loathsome, filthy foul, and full of vile disdain."

"A little glooming light, much like a shade."

—Spenser is very fond of this effect, and has repeatedly painted it. I am not aware that any body noticed it before him. It is evidently the original of the passage in Milton:

"Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom."

Observe the pause at the words *look'd in.*"

Life, Progresses, and Rebellion of James, Duke of Monmouth, &c. By George Roberts, author of "The History of Lyme Regis," &c., 2 vols. London, Longmans.

We felt a little qualmish with the title-page of this work; for we thought the single word "Life" would necessarily have included the progresses and rebellion of the party indicated, and also his "capture and execution," as thereon set down more at large. And our feeling was prophetic; for the faults of Mr. Roberts' performance are, an indifferent style, somewhat of tautology and repetition, and a strange method of mentioning matters to be reverted to at a future opportunity.

But here our censure ends: nothing could divest the narration of a high measure of personal interest; and it was a good idea to separate this character and the group around it from general history, and give it to the public in a distinct and unmingled form. The career of

the Duke of Monmouth, the child of Luey Walters and of doubtful fatherhood, till he was proclaimed king of England, is indeed a romance almost beyond the imaginative; and the whole course of its incidents to its tragic completion, involving so much of misery and bloodshed, could hardly be related without stirring up a strong emotion. It is an episode of a singular nature—springing from so obscure a source, so insulated in its action, and results, and so dramatically complete in its termination, that it seems to have been made for a separate chapter in the British annals. With regard to Mr. Roberts' part in representing it, the facts, though comparatively small, which are least known to historical readers, and the accounts of localities and local influences, will be found the most deserving of notice.

To the earlier portion of his course, therefore, we shall refer, but very slightly, for fear of repeating familiar stories. The following may, however, be adventured. On the Duke's first tour or progress through the western counties:

"While in Hinton Park, Elizabeth Parcet, who had heard of the festive party, made a rush at the Duke of Monmouth and touched his hand. She was a martyr to the king's evil, and had received no benefit from the advice of surgeons, nor even from a seventh son, to whom she had travelled ten miles. After touching the duke, all her wounds were healed in two days. A hand-bill was circulated in folio, setting forth this marvellous cure; and a document, signed by Henry Clark, minister of Crewkerne, two captains, a clergyman, and four others lay, at the Amsterdam coffee-house, Bartholomew-lane, London. This is an important incident in the progress. The few that had doubts of Monmouth's being the heir to the crown (the Duke of York being of course presumed to be incapacitated) felt them removed. Much publicity was given to this cure. The divine gift of healing the scrofula, or king's evil, was supposed to be inherent in the legitimate kings of England, and in them only;—in the seventh son of a seventh son; and in the hand of a man that had been hanged."

"It is a curious fact, that many sensible persons in the west now speak of the 'old pope' being carried about, when in reality the effigy is that of Guy Fawkes. They have early learned to call this the 'old pope,' and do not get rid of the settled habit. Their nurses taught them so to name this figure. Connecting it with the former practice of carrying the effigy of the pope in procession, and then committing it to the flames. Hence a useless person, a mere figure, and not an active workman, is called 'a pope' (pronounced pwp) of a thing. Many of the numerous effigies of Guy Fawkes carried about in the metropolis on the 5th of November have a mitre on their head, curiously exhibiting a confounding of Fawkes and the pope. The lines repeated in the west of England by those who go from door to door on that day, upon meeting any respectable person, are:

Up with the ladder,
And down with the pope;
Give us a penny,
To burn the old pope.

Corporation archives contain entries of the expenses 'at the bonfire on' November 5. Money was paid for the fuel and wine drunk round the fire by the civic bodies, so late as the middle of the last century. The pomp of this celebration is not to be wondered at when we learn that it was received in Charles II.'s reign as the test of loyalty; and that absence on these occasions led to the infliction of pe-

nalties. At the close of this reign, the Duke of Beaufort, and some of the corporation of Bristol, had written to the Earl of Sunderland complaining of there being malecontents and evil-disposed persons. The king thinks he has met with a bad return for his grace to the city. The company of soap-boilers, and others of the common council, had withdrawn their attendance upon the mayor to celebrate the 5th November last. His majesty will put the soap-boilers into Mr. Attorney-General's hands. The rabble were first called a mob from the *mobile vulgus* of these pope-burnings. The king issued a proclamation in May 1680, against the solemnisation of the 5th of November; but notwithstanding, the day was kept with bonfires as usual. Lord Shaftesbury contributed five guineas to the procession, and others proportionally. It was said, Queen Elizabeth's birthday would cost the pope dearer than ever. Some who had been sentenced to stand in the pillory for rioting on the preceding 5th of November were conveyed to Gracechurch Street to undergo their sentence, December 1683. Sturdy fellows were mixed up with the crowd, and threatened any one that did but speak against the men in the pillory. They said they would be for a Monmouth, and burn the pope for all that. They drank healths with huzzas. The three pilloried on this occasion began the Duke of Monmouth's health with a bottle of sack: they went away in coaches, and had money given them."

The landing of the Duke and his few adherents at Lyme Regis is very circumstantially detailed; as are all the future proceedings of the unhappy rebellion, and finished off with a full account of the Bloody Assize, of the infamous Jeffries, whom Mr. R. appears to consider as more of an extortioner than a butcher on this deplorable occasion. According to this version, he hanged those who bribed others, and suffered many to escape who bribed himself. The want of arms to put into the hands of the multitudes who joined him was one great cause of Monmouth's failure; but another arose from a casual accident:

"Great numbers (we are told) continued to arrive. Among these should not be omitted Daniel de Foe, the author of that immortal work, 'Robinson Crusoe,' then twenty-four years of age. The military service, hairbreadth escapes, fatigue, and shifts he underwent, were doubtless beneficial in giving reality to his conceptions of adventures such as figure in 'Robinson Crusoe.' Who can estimate the service his work has rendered in advancing the human intellect, by giving an early taste for reading, in fact, by enabling young persons to read by communicating the habit? Alas! how much too difficult are most of the books now put into the hands of the young: the cuts are admired, the reading neglected, and the child grows up without having acquired the habit that is so precious an ingredient in human life.—A little after day-break, Mr. Dare, who landed at Seatown, June 11, returned with about forty horse, pretty well mounted, but few of them armed, and all but ordinary men, though he himself was very well mounted. He reported that the Somerset militia kept Taunton from rising. Mr. Tyler of Bristol came in from Exeter, and was made lieutenant to Colonel Wade. He said the Duke of Albemarle was in no condition to fall upon the Duke of Monmouth's force for some days. Before detailing the first important military operation, some mention must be made of an affair that proved a great calamity to the duke, and which arose from the preparations for the attack upon the

Dorset militia at Bridport. The transaction has been often alluded to, and very incorrectly so, particularly by the Earl of Buchan, in his 'Life of Fletcher of Saltoun,' one of the parties. A brief biographical digression may be excused, as it tends in a pointed manner to illustrate the subject of the work. Heywood Dare, sometimes called 'Old Dare,' to distinguish him from his son, was a remarkable character. He had been a goldsmith at Taunton, the metropolis, as North called it, of the 'faction of the West,' and to which place the Rev. Andrew Paschall attributes the breaking out of the rebellion in the West, and in a particular manner to Dare. He joined the other refugees in Holland in 1680. By the briskness of his air and the boldness of his spirit, and now by his sufferings, he became exceedingly endeared to the party; and, under colour of being their factor for their serges, he served to the maintaining of the correspondence held between the malecontents abroad and their friends at home. Dare was first appointed secretary to the duke, afterwards paymaster, and landed at Seatown, June 11, to apprise Mr. Speke of Monmouth's arrival. Andrew Fletcher, the son of Sir Robert Fletcher of Saltoun, was a Scottish gentleman of such great parts, that upon any mention of his name various eminent writers launch out at once in terms of the highest praise. Dalrymple says, in ancient Rome he would have been the rival and friend of Cato. Sir James Mackintosh calls him a man of rare genius, uniting military gallantry with the civic virtues, and mediæval philosophy with an active and antique love of freedom. Fletcher was born in 1653, spent some years in foreign travel, and first appeared as a public character in the Scottish parliament, where, having distinguished himself in opposition to the court, he thought it prudent to retire to Holland; and on his non-appearance to a summons from the lords in council, he was outlawed. In 1683 he came over to take measures with the friends of liberty against the designs of James II. Bishop Burnet assigns him great parts and many virtues: but adds, he was a most violent republican, and extravagantly passionate. He did not like Argyle's scheme; so he resolved to run fortunes with the Duke of Monmouth. He told Burnet that all the English were still pressing the duke to venture. They said all the west of England would come to him as soon as he appeared, as they had done five or six years ago."

"Towards evening the duke gave orders for the expedition to Bridport, and designed to give the joint command of the horse to Fletcher, who had dined with him, and Lord Grey. Fletcher was, perhaps, as Dalrymple asserts, the only soldier the duke had. Rigid in the duties of morality, yet having been accustomed to foreign service, both by sea and land, he considered his merits and the good of the cause justified his taking the beautiful charger which Dare had that morning brought to the army, and which was said to have come from Ford Abbey, the seat of Mr. Prideaux. Having mounted it, high words ensued, Dare being unwilling that his horse should be taken. Oldmixon says that Dare was a rough, ill-bred man, and used very injurious language, which Fletcher bore; but the other persisting, and offering to use a switch or cane, Fletcher shot him dead with a pistol. Ferguson, in Enoch's 'History of England,' remarks that Dare's death was occasioned by his own intemperance and untimely passion; and 'beyond the intention of the gentleman whose misfortune it was to do it.' Dare had a son, who, with the new levies,

assembled and demanded the punishment of the assassin. Monmouth, to screen Fletcher from their vengeance, placed him under an arrest, sent him aboard the frigate, and ordered the captain to sail. He left Spain for Hungary, where he distinguished himself against the Turks. Dare was a great loss: the duke was marching to a part where he had influence. Fletcher's loss was felt, as will be understood, in a few hours. Dalrymple says, 'With Fletcher all chance of success in war left Monmouth.' This accident so distressed the duke's mind, that it was said he never cast off the sadness which he contracted on this occasion. And, perhaps, all things considered, he could not have had a greater loss in the death of any one man, because of Dare's interest in the party, his knowledge of the country, and his industry and resolution in whatever he undertook."

This was truly a bad beginning; yet the first marches were prosperous and promising; and, perhaps, if boldly and resolutely followed up, might have led to very different results.

"Ralph estimates Albemarle's forces at 4000 men. He states that the duke with his Devonshire forces came to within a quarter of a mile of Axminster, and then wheeled about in confusion. Oldmixon, a great favourite of Monmouth, mentioned that, had he followed Albemarle, he might have had Exeter, and the arms of the militia, who were no enemies to him. How important the arms would have been, may be understood by referring to the numbers that joined, but could not be supplied with arms. Dalrymple blames the policy which prevented the attack upon Albemarle. 'Monmouth,' says he, 'was accustomed to the formalities observed by regular troops in time of peace more than actual war; and not having the genius to see that in desperate enterprises sudden movements strike with terror,' would not permit an attack. The retreat of the Devonshire and Somerset militias was very disorderly—indeed, to such a degree, that in the Axminster book of the Independent chapel it is said, 'the Lord sent a hornet of fear amongst them, so that a dreadful consternation of spirit seized on them, that in some places they fell one upon another, in other places some ran away with amazement. Some were so stricken with terror that they were even bereft of their reason, and like distracted persons; others threw away their weapons of war and would take them up no more; and many watched opportunities to leave their colours and old officers, and came and joined with this new company.' This appears an unreal description, to which no attention should be paid, as being undeserved; but Col. Wade relates circumstantially the account received at Chard, through which place the Somersetshire militia passed on their way from Axminster. The colonel states the retreat was little better than a flight, many of the soldiers' coats and arms being recovered and brought in to Monmouth's men."

The battle of Sedgemoor, however, settled all. A good map of the field is given, and a minute account of the action and its fatal consequences. The night-march of six miles to attack the king's camp, and the attack of the horse under Lord Grey, were disastrous.

"A guide was needed in the lanes, but was indispensable after the forces reached the open moor. Indeed, any person desirous of traversing the moor by daylight, at the present time, would be glad of direction, to make a way to the cradle-bridges across the great drain or cut. The confusion of Godfrey the guide, and its consequences, will have to be described. The matter requires some explanation. There

is no charge of treachery against this man. Oldmixon states that he was confused; as well he might, when leading an army on such an occasion in the dark, and so went above the ford in the rhine, or great ditch or drain, which ford is also called in these parts a plungeon or steaning. Ralph writes, that when Lord Grey came near the royalists' fires he dismissed Newton.* How many, when reading of the battle, have believed that Newman the guide missed the right spot, where the duke might have crossed the rhine, and cut the king's army to pieces; and that in the confusion the Monmouth men could not find a passage, and so the battle was lost. This is a very erroneous view. After leaving the North-moor, a great drain, called Black-ditch, had to be crossed, not far from Parchy; Newman led correctly to a ford or steaning. Soon after, the forces were led too far to the left, and so missed a steaning over Langmoor rhine. This rhine had in consequence to be crossed with, probably, inconvenience, confusion, and delay. The king's camp was still distant, and the rhine that served for its defence. There we shall find Godfrey's services were not required,—the time and place were not such as allowed a diligent searching for the ford; and if found, it could not have been used for the passing of the Monmouth army. The inconvenience experienced by the error Godfrey committed must have been at Langmoor rhine. The confusion and delay at such a moment—the having to cross where the water was inconveniently deep and the bottom deep mud,—the rumour running through the ranks that they had lost or missed their way, would account for the importance that has been attached to Newman's error. The great cause, however, of many accounts that were current for so long a time among the people—accounts of the most erroneous character—is to be traced to the particular circumstances of the case,—the dispersion and concealment of the combatants so soon after, without any means of corresponding, and correcting, by intercourse with each other, the impressions and rumours current at the moment. The missing the ford in the rhine, and the real cause which alarmed the king's camp, are points that will, I trust, be now completely cleared up."

But we must refer readers to all the other particulars of which the author treats in this examination; for though curious in themselves, they do not affect the final catastrophe. The rebels were utterly defeated, were dispersed, and fled in every direction. As they were taken many of them suffered cruel deaths under military law; and "not far from Bussex is the great grave, in which the unfortunate slain were buried; and, horrid to relate, many who were mortally wounded, instead of being taken to the church with their fellow-sufferers, were stripped with the dead, thrown into the trench, and held down by some of the inhuman soldiers, whilst others threw in sufficient earth to cover them. It is supposed the grave was a circular dike, as the centre of the mound has been opened, and no remains found; but a man a few years since was employed to dig near it,

* "The leader in the darkness was the identical Godfrey the spy. Those who have dilated upon his part, and that of Newton the guide, must be informed that Godfrey and Newman (erroneously written Newton) are one and the same man, a native of Chedzoy, where he carried on for years after this time a small farm. The illegitimate child of two parents, Godfrey and Newman, he was addressed indifferently by either name. This explanation will further shew how little Oldmixon can be depended upon, even when detailing matters that pertain to his own immediate neighbourhood."

when he discovered an immense number of bones in a very high state of preservation.

"The following letters relating to this spot are in the possession of William Stradling, Esq. :—

"Sumratt: Whereas complaints have been made to me by the inhabitants of the parish of Weston Zoyland, that the Rebels lately buried in the more are not sufficiently covered, & that they have been at great charges to bulide Gallowses & Gebbuts, & to make chains or gemmaces to hang up the rebells: These are in his Ma^{ties} name to require you forthwith on sight hereof to press plowes & men, to come to the said place where the rebells are buried, that there may bee a mount erected upon them, as the inhabitants of Weston shall think fit, and you are to beare your proportionable charges with them, in making the Gemmaces and buryinge the rebells, and this you are not to faile, as you will answer the contrarie at your utmost perils. Given under my hand at Bridgewater, July the 13th, 1685. KIRKE.

"To the constable or Tythingman of Chedzoy.

"Chedzoy Six plowes & twelve men."

"Somersetsh: Goodman Philips, you are not ignorant what order was granted by the right honble Col. Kerke, for burying the dead rebells, making gallowses and Gibbets and Jimmies to hang up fower prisoners, and other things for covering the Dead; for ye doing thereof there is charged on your parish of Chedzoy two pounds fower shillings and a penny, which money you know is piently expected from your said parish. You are therefore desired to bring over the said money without delay, for the workmen doe desire and expect their wages. Wherefore you are desired not to faile to bring it on sight hereof to the tythingman of Weston Zoyland, and in soe doing you will answer the expectation of your neighbours, and especially your frinde JOHN BRAGGE, Tythingman.

"Weston, July 15th, 85.

"To the Tythingman of Chedzoy & Constale. These."

After severe sufferings the wretched Duke himself was captured, and the sequel is well known; but Mr. R. states of his execution:—"The account published by authority furnishes no details as to the manner in which the executioner performed his office. This man was much more agitated than he who was to suffer. The following particulars are from the Buccleugh MS. 'After the devotionalary and interrogatory part was over, the duke went to that part of the scaffold where the block and axe lay. The axe he took in his hand, and felt the edge, saying to Jack Ketch: that surely the axe did not feel as if it were sharp enough; and prayed him to do his office well, and not serve him as he had been told he had the late Lord Russell: for if he gave him two strokes, he would not promise him to receive the third. Putting his hand into his pocket, he gave him six guineas, telling him that if he did his duty well, he had left six more in his servant's hands, provided he did his business handsomely. All this he said with as much indifference and unconcernedness as if he was giving orders for a suit of clothes. In the catalogue of duties to be performed by the wretched victims of the law at this period, when on the scaffold, must not be omitted the settlement with the executioner. This functionary, like waiters at inns, bolstered up his expectation of reward according to the fame and circumstances of the wretched beings exposed to the gaze of the multitude; and sometimes spurned or grumbled at the gratuity proffered. Algernon Sidney at first gave three guineas, but had to add one or two guineas more.' No

change or alteration of countenance from the first to the last was perceptible. The duke took off his coat, and having prayed, laid himself down and fitted his neck to the block, with all the calmness of temper and composure of mind that ever were possessed by any who mounted that fatal scaffold. He would have no cap, nor be bound, nor have any thing on his face; and yet for all this 'the botcherly dog, the executioner, did so barbarously act his part, that he could not at five strokes of the ax sever the head from the body.' At the first, which made only a slight dash in his neck, his body heaved up and his head turned about; the second stroke made only a deeper dash, after which the body moved; the third not doing the work, he threw away the axe, and said, "G—d— me, I can do no more, my heart fails me." The executioner declared that his limbs were stiffened, and that he would willingly give forty guineas to any one who would finish the work. The bystanders had much ado to forbear throwing him over the scaffold; but made him take the axe again, threatening to kill him if he did not do his duty better. With two strokes more, not being able to finish the work, he was fain to draw forth his long knife, and with it to cut off the remaining part of his neck. He could not hold the head: he only shewed it once to the people. If there had been no guard before the soldiers, to conduct the executioner away, the people would have torn him to pieces, so great was their indignation at the barbarous usage of the late Duke of Monmouth at his hands. After his death, the people ran in crowds to the scaffold, and dipped, some their handkerchiefs and some their shirts, in his blood, as it is the custom to do on such occasions, notwithstanding the danger from the thrusts of the halberds and pikes, which they carried away as a precious relic. The duke was clothed in a grey suit with plain linings, and a dark perriwig. His body was put into a coffin covered with black velvet, which was laid on the scaffold, and was driven to the Tower in a hearse drawn by six horses with funeral trappings, followed by a mourning coach with six horses. The head being sewed to the body, it was privately interred under the communion-table of the chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula. In front of that spot lie the bodies of Anne Boleyn, and her brother, Lord Rochford; of Queen Katharine Howard; of Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, the last of the Plantagenets; of Thomas Cromwell, chief minister of Henry VIII. in the suppression of the papal supremacy; of the two Seymours, him of Sudley, and his clever and perhaps innocent brother, the Protector; of Lord Dudley, and his beautiful and guiltless wife; of the wily Duke of Northumberland; of the Duke of Norfolk, the aspirant to the hand of the Queen of Scots; of the chivalrous and brilliant Earl of Essex, the lover of Elizabeth; and, lastly, Lords Kilmarnock, Balmorino, and Lovat.

Rest them in peace! though we know not how far the present changes about the Tower may disturb their long-sepulchred remains.

The Crescent and the Cross; or, Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel. By Eliot Warburton, Esq. 2 vols. Colburn.

AFTER *Edith* this smart production falls somewhat more flatly on the sense than it would have done before. Still it possesses much merit, and is a lively description of the impressions made upon a cultivated mind during a rapid journey over countries which never cease to interest. The writer carried with him the intelligence

and manners of a gentleman; the first a key to the acquisition of knowledge, and the last a means of obtaining access to the best sources of information. Coupled with these qualifications, we find activity of spirit, and an aptitude to collect as much as the brevity of time and the shaping of circumstances admitted. There is rather too much of style affected, whence results a lack of that simplicity which tells so home to readers of travel, and induces a belief in the truth of a narrative, which does not accompany one like the present, so ornate and ambitious as to create a misgiving whether the aim to be splendid may not influence the colouring, and render the realities romances. Mr. Warburton certainly saw most things tinged with rose; and is altogether of the flowery order of authors.

"Over this elder world (says the preface) Time has let fall, as it were, a mighty curtain, which, uplifted, reveals to us the very scenery wherein Paradise was lost and was regained; wherein Karnac and Baalbec rose, and where they still vindicate the marvellous traditions of the past. We find that scenery still peopled by the Ishmaelite, and the stranger still received by sheikhs of Abraham's fashion, who feast him on the fare that was set before the angels. And so it is in later times: the antiquary now speculates on the sources of the Nile, and gazes on the Sphinx with the same doubts and wonder as Herodotus; the pilgrim kneels at the Shrine of the Nativity as the magi knelt two thousand years ago; and the scholar finds the sculptures of Telmessus convicting Phidias of a plagiarism: This identity of the Present with the Past, and the contrast between the fever and tumult of European life and the silence and repose of the East, will be understood by those who have passed from the gay and turbulent thoroughfares of Naples to the desolate beauty of Pompeii. The transition strikes forcibly on the imagination, and invests Oriental travel with a peculiar charm."

Here we miss the accuracy to which we have alluded as needful to the right effect and reception of travellers' tales. Whether Paradise was either lost or regained in the lands visited by Mr. W., we cannot decide; or, indeed, whether it was regained at all; but we are perfectly sure that it is not "two thousand years" since any magi could kneel at a shrine of the nativity, there being no shrine to kneel at, and the nativity itself, according to chronology, wanting a hundred and fifty-six years of that period. What the "identity of the present with the past" means is another flourish, which has made us exclaim, "Oh, that men would speak and write plain, so as to be readily understood!" Nor (continues Mr. W., in the same vein) is it only antiquity, piety, or scholastic lore, that lends to the East so powerful an interest: the variety that strikes upon the senses,—the delicious climate, scarcely obtained in our conservatories; the wild animals, only known to our menageries; and the way-side flowers that rival our most choice exotics,—all these are pleasant things. Then, in the cities, there is the mystery that envelops woman, the romance of our daily life, the masquerading-looking population, politics and manners of the time of Moses, Saracen society, cloudless days, and Arabian nights.

Elsewhere he tells us, "There is something peculiarly inviting to adventure and interest in the character of central Africa, apart from that difficulty which, in all cases, from woman to new worlds, stimulates a sanguine spirit."

What answer our easy ladies to this dogma! new worlds do not care for what is said about

them! But we must come to the account in a more regular way.

Mr. Warburton sailed for Egypt from Southampton in the Oriental steamer; and the luggage, he mentions, was tossed pell-mell "irrevocably" into the yawning depths of the hold, "irrevocably" being one of his words which does not mean its own meaning, but merely out of the way for a while; and "after this bereavement (he goes on) we all assembled on the upper deck, in involuntary and unconscious muster, each inspecting and inspected by his fellow-travellers." With the exception of two or three families, every one seemed to be a stranger to every one; and each walked the deck in a solitude of his own. There were old men, with complexions as yellow as the gold for which they had sold their youth, returning to India in search of the health which their native country, longed for through life, denied them. There were young cadets, all eagerness and hope, though these, their predecessors, stood before them, like the mummies at Egyptian banquets, mementos of the end of their young life's festival. There were missionary clergymen, with Ruth-like wives; merchants, with portfolios that never left their hands; young widows, with eyes black as their mourning, and sparkling as their useless marriage-ring; and one or two fair girls—Heaven knows what sorrow sent them there, wanderers, from their English homes of peace and purity, over the ocean and the desert, to encounter the worse danger of Indian society. Then there were little cadets, in whom the pride of new-born independence and uniform contended with the thoughts of their home. There were sailors, with the blunt manly bearing and free and open speech of their profession; and, lastly, there were two or three vague wanderers, like myself, who were only leaving England, as men leave a crowded room, to breathe a while freely in the open East.

This opening is a fair specimen of the author—blotched by several expressions conveying erroneous senses, but yet distinguished by genuine observation and talent. And the description proceeds equally well:—

"Below the busy, bustling scene was very different. Miss Mitford herself might recognise the lower deck as a complete village. It was a street of cabins, over whose doors you read the names of the doctor, the baker, the butcher, the confectioner, the carpenter, and many others, besides the 'quality at the west end,' in the shape of officers' quarters. This street terminated in a rural scene; and the smell of new-mown hay, the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, and the crowing of cocks, produced quite a pastoral effect. It is true that the dairymaid wore moustaches, boathooks stood for shepherds' crooks, and the only swains were the boatswain and the coxswain, the former of whom was more given to whistling than to sighing."

"While one end of the saloon was looking like a counting-house, the other was occupied by a set of old stagers, whose long-smothered conversation broke out with vehemence over their brandy and water. These jolly old fellows seemed as if no one had any claims upon their correspondence; they were father and mother, brother and sister, to themselves; and their capacious waistcoats comprised their whole domestic circle. The following day we were at Falmouth, and then we were at sea."

As other examples of the unbalanced rhodomontade-style, we may cite a passage touching the effects of steam-vessels on the Lotus of the Nile, and another on the Nile itself. "Unhappy river! Thou who, like Ixion, in

thy warm youth hast loved the gorgeous clouds of Ethiopia, must thou now expiate thy raptures on the wheel? Yes, for thy old days of glory are gone by; thy veil of mystery is rent away; and with many another sacrificial victim of the ideal to the practical, thou must, forsooth, become useful and respectable, and convey cockneys. They call thy steamy torturer the Lotus, too—adding insult to deep injury; a pretty specimen of thy sacred flower, begrimed with soot, and bearing fifty tons of Newcastle coal in its calyx!

"Picture to yourself, O sofa-seated reader, a wild African glen, through which a mighty river is roaring; but its voice is drowned in the shriek of the blast, as torn by the craggy cliffs, it flings itself on the foam-covered boat as on a victim. Now a gust that has lost its way comes rushing by, and takes the sails aback, burying the struggling bark up to her mainmast in the gurgling waters: now another gust comes fiercely up the river, and drives us madly and unmaneuverably against the caverned cliffs. The Arabs stand stupefied, or reel with the staggering boat, and look fearfully up to the unfurling sails, that seem determined to drag us to destruction. They swore, and shrieked, and prepared to swim for it; we sat, and smoked, and wondered how it was to end. At length, a very respectable storm, concentrated into one gust, came rushing by, took our sails as if they were set to it, buried our bows under water, and sent us spinning along on a wave of our own making, till it drove us clear out of the chasm; and then, as if it had done its work, went back to its home among those awful cliffs, where, I dare say, it is pausing still."

The following, though yet sufficiently grandiloquent, is in better taste:—

"Yet this (Egypt) is an exotic land! That river, winding like a serpent through its paradise, has brought it from far regions, unknown to man. That strange and richly-varied panorama has had a long voyage of it! Those quiet plains have tumbled down the cataracts; those demure gardens have flirted with the Isle of Flowers, five hundred miles away; and those very pyramids have floated down the waves of Nile. In short, to speak chemically, that river is a solution of Ethiopia's richest regions, and that vast country is merely a precipitate. At Pæstum one sees the remnant of a city elaborated from mountain-streams; the Temple of Neptune came down from the Calabrian Hills by water; and the Forum, like Demosthenes, prepared itself for its tumult-scouring destiny among the dash of torrents, and the crash of rocks; but here we have a whole kingdom, risen, like Aphrodite, from the wave. The sources of the Nile are as much involved in mystery as every thing else connected with this strange country. The statue under which it was represented was carved out of black marble, to denote its Ethiopian origin, but crowned with thorns, to symbolise the difficulty of approaching its fountain-head. It reposed appropriately on a sphinx, the type of enigmas, with dolphins and crocodiles disporting at its feet. In early ages, 'caput quæreret Nili?' was equivalent to our expression of seeking the philosopher's stone, or interest on Pennsylvania bonds. The pursuit has baffled the scrutiny and self-devotion of modern enterprise, as effectually as it did the inquisitiveness of ancient despots, and the theories of ancient philosophers. Alexander and Ptolemy sent expeditions in search of it. Herodotus gave it up; Pomponius Mela brought it from the antipodes, Pliny from Mauritania, and Homer from heaven. This last theory, if not the most satisfac-

tory, is, at least, the most incontrovertible, and sounds better than the Meadows of Geesh, where Bruce thought he had detected its infancy in the fountains of the Blue River. This was only a founding, however—a mere tributary stream; the Nāfās of the Nile are as virgin as ever. I have conversed with slave-dealers who were familiar with Abyssinia, as far as the Galla country, and still their information was bounded by the vague word, south—still from the south gushed the great river."

The glorious battle of the Nile is painted up to the artist's highest pitch; and the language, though it may be admired in such an instance, becomes fatiguing when too often repeated and applied to other scenes or events.

The briskness of the offset causes the later portions to appear somewhat flat; but to our judgment they are all the better for it. Describing the Moslem, Mr. W. writes:

"Friday is the Moslem sabbath, on which they have prayers and sermons in all the mosques. Women and children are seldom allowed to perform their devotions at the same time, and never in the same place, with the men: few of the former, indeed, ever pray at all. The Moslem, when his last hour is come, turns himself in the direction of Mecca, and dies with as much resignation as if he did it on purpose, or to use their expression, 'as if he blew out his own candle.' Then his family raise cries of lamentation, such as, 'Oh, my camel!' 'Oh, my lion!' 'Oh, my only one!' These ejaculations become more striking as they proceed. 'Oh, my buffalo!' does not sound pathetic, though it means simply that the dead was their support; and 'Oh, my jackass!' sounds ambiguous, until the addition of 'bearer of my burdens' turns it to eloquence. The wailing women (the keeners of Ireland) and the grave-men now arrive, and, laid upon a bier, he is carried, all coffinless, to his last resting-place, and laid literally on the shelf, in the vault of his family. In Paradise he finds the extreme of sensual enjoyment, as a reward for the mortification of the senses in this life; so that his self-denial on earth is only an enlargement of the heroic abstinence of an alderman from luncheon on the day of a city feast. His heavenly harem consists of 300 hours, all perfect in loveliness. What chance has his poor wife of being required under such circumstances! It is supposed she has a heaven of her own, in some place or other, but as to her substitute for hours the Koran is silent. In short, in Paradise is to be found every luxury of every appetite, with every concomitant, except satiety and indigestion. Such is the life, death, and heaven of a modern Egyptian. The description has, I fear, trespassed largely on the patience of the reader; but, fortunately, it applies almost equally to the Syrian and the Constantinopolitan, so that the subject is nearly at an end. One word as to his daily life, and we have done with him for the present. The respectable part of the community are dressed and have said their prayers before sunrise. While the father of the family is performing his ablutions (which he does, not for his own, but Mahomet's sake), his wife or slave is filling his pipe. Now he bends his turbaned head to the ground in prayer, and she, the prayerless, stands meekly or demurely by. Fatigued with his devotions, he sinks down, cross-legged, on his cushions, and his last 'Allah!' is replaced by the amber mouthpiece of his pipe. How gracefully that Abyssinian girl bends before him, as she serves, with eyes downcast, and arms crossed upon her bosom—that bosom which is never to know love or hope of heaven! The sheikh (as every

man of condition is called in his own house) now raises his eyes, but not to hers. She knows the signal, and presents his little cup of thick coffee, fragrant with ambergris. You hope it may scald the apathetic Moslem; but it seems only to refresh him: as he replaces it in its little silver receptacle, and again resigns himself to repose, this docile handmaiden disappears through the carved doorway. Soon afterwards the sheikh claps his hands, and the silent girl returns with a little tray, on which are eggs and butter, and clouted cream. A slave places a little stool, on which this tray is deposited, and the sheikh breakfasts. Then he has water poured over his hands, and wipes them in a napkin hung from the arm of the slave who holds the ewer and basin. Now he resumes his pipe once more; and, as this magical instrument is to him instead of ambition, power, love, and glory, the talisman deserves some description. It is made generally of cherry-stick for winter use; in summer, they are of jessamine or maple. The tube, which is about four feet long, should be very fresh, the amber mouthpiece as old as claret. I was presented by an emir in the Lebanon with a pipe whose tube was a rose-branch, on which were leaves and buds. It is now time to set about the business of the day. The sheikh warms his hands over a chafing-dish of charcoal and frankincense, perfumes his beard and moustaches with civet, and mounts his donkey, which is equipped with a red leather or velvet saddle, and a gaily ornamented bridle. A servant, in a blue shirt and red slippers, walks before him, calling out to the passengers to clear the way, and another follows with his pipe. Thus he proceeds to visit, or transact his business, or sit cross-legged in his shop, or to take a bath at the public hammams; all of which proceedings involve constant use of his pipe. At noon, he washes his hands and dines. If very affable, he admits his wives to his table, or to speak more correctly, to his tray; but for the most part he dines alone. There are no knives, forks, or napkins; he helps himself with his fingers, and, if he wishes to honour a guest, he serves him in the same manner. There are thin cakes of bread set before the diner, with which he may dip in the dish, and fish up such morsels as he is lucky enough to catch. There is generally a soup, then a number of little bowls, with bits of stewed meat, boiled cucumbers, rissoles of rice wrapped in vine-leaves, mince-meat wrapped in cabbage, or little bits of lamb or mutton roasted on skewers, and called kabobs. A boned fowl, stuffed with every variety of fruit and vegetable, from raisins to parsley; a lamb, stuffed with pistachio-nuts, or a roast fowl, are common dishes; fish, swimming in rancid butter; sweetmeats, set off with honey; and a large dish of plain boiled rice, conclude the entertainment. Then follows sherbet of water, flavoured with bruised raisins and roses, or a water-melon in its stead. Ablutions precede and follow every meal, nor is grace before and after meat ever forgotten. After dinner, he retires to his harem, where he takes his pipe and coffee, and his wife rubs the soles of his unslipped feet; or sings him to sleep with a low, monotonous song. Afternoon prayer-time recalls him to existence, and, between prayers, and pipes, and supper, he gets through the rest of the day without much difficulty. Sometimes he passes his evening with a game of draughts or chess, or a little lazy chat. Nine o'clock finds him generally retired for the night, or wending his way through the silent streets, preceded by a slave with a lantern.

Any person found, after dark, without being thus illuminated, is arrested by the police, and probably bastinadoed in the morning. The hour of rest arrived, the rich man lies down on his cotton mattress, which is spread on a slight wooden frame; his servants sleep on the ground, generally in some of the passages; and the houseless, whether from poverty or from desert habits, lie down in the street, wherever darkness overtakes them.

We do not remember a more striking yet circumstantial view; but so again:

The Osmanlis are a proud, privileged class, without a sympathy for their vassals, except for which their religion can create. They are, for the most, ignorant of Arabic, considering it beneath them to learn the language of a conquered race. They seem endowed with that power of command, in which the Egyptian is utterly deficient, and occupy all posts of trust throughout the pasha's provinces. They are also less avaricious than the Egyptians who are placed in authority; and, though their ideas of justice are equally lax, they seldom exercise the same grinding oppression that the Arab inflicts upon his fellow-countryman when in his power. The Turk is vain, ignorant, presumptuous, and authoritative. (I speak of the governors and officers, who are the only Osmanlis of Egypt of whom I have had any experience); yet in society he is courteous, affable, and gentlemanlike. He never, or very rarely, intermarries with Egyptians; and, as it is a well-known fact that children born of other women in this country rapidly degenerate or die, there is scarcely an instance of an indigenous Turk in Egypt. Through the long reign of the Mamelukes, there was not one instance, I believe, of a son succeeding to his father's power and possessions. These Mamelukes were young Georgian or Circassian slaves, adopted by their owners, and adopting others in their turn; and this dynasty of foundlings ruled for many years in the land of the Pharaohs. They are now extinct; some few survived the massacre under Mehemet Ali, but they have died away. When I arrived, the last of them was to be seen at Alexandria, with snow-white beard and bent form, and an eye that, in extreme old age, retained all its youthful fire. This last of a persecuting and persecuted race is now at rest, with a turban carved in stone above his tomb."

(To be continued.)

The Chevalier: a Romance of the Rebellion of 1745. By Mrs. Thomson, Author of "Widows and Widowers," &c. 3 vols. R. Bentley. It is any deservedly popular author, in the line of historical romance, had advised with us upon the expediency of adopting "the Forty-Five" as a subject, we should, without hesitation, have counselled against it. The simplest relation of the events of that era so far exceeds the faculty of invention, whilst the consciousness entertained all the while that they are real and true so greatly augments the effect, and the dénouement, after all the alternations of hopes and fears, gaieties and glooms, successes and reverses, triumphs and defeat, is so tragical and appalling, that an attempt to adorn or deepen the interest must be indeed to gild the refined gold and paint the lily. Such would have been our sentiments *a priori*; and even if Mrs. Thomson were the selector of the theme, we should, with our perfect knowledge of her power to treat it in the finest and most touching manner, have endeavoured to dissuade her from it. Sir Walter Scott did not improve upon old Froissart.

Now, notwithstanding these strong impressions, we are bound to confess that the author has far exceeded our expectations. She could not indeed add a new feeling to the vicissitudes of Charles Edward, the catastrophe of Culloden, or the fate of his unfortunate adherents. But she has created a corresponding story, a chain linked with the chain, of congenial pathos; and also formed her imagined characters with infinite skill. Of these the principal are Ella Moreton, the heroine, conjoined in marriage with the last scion of the hapless race of Derwentwater; Francis Radcliffe, her husband; Mr. Carew, of Beaumont; Marmaduke and Cuthbert Moreton, brothers of Ella; and Mrs. Light-horne, the head of a boarding-school for young ladies. This establishment is described throughout with much pleasantry; and like the brief account of Marmaduke's wife, affords those traits of acute observation of common life which mark all Mrs. Thomson's writings, besides acting as a relief to the seriousness of the main story. One other character of paramount influence on the plot is taken from history in the person of the dissolute St. Germain; and Lord George Murray is drawn more of an illustrious and faultless hero than the friends of the house of Stuart have been willing to concede.

We have so often professed our desire not to interfere with the gratification of reading of this class by letting in too much light through our notice, and shown the difficulty of quotation without destruction to our rule, that we shall now only say, the following selections are but pebbles from the shore. The sustained interest of the author's movements from the introduction of her fictitious impersonations, through the invasion from the north to its crushing blow, the cruel slaughter in flight and on scaffolds of the too loyal followers of a lost cause, the change of the scene into France, and so to the termination of all, must be perused in the original to be fully appreciated. Our only long extract is one of a most affecting nature, and we are sorry to allow, does trench upon our wonted reserve; but we cannot help it.

T. Radcliffe, in a fit of jealousy, and in almost a dying condition himself, wounded (it is supposed, fatally) St. Germain in a duel, and fled from Paris to avoid the consequences. His sorrowing wife ponders on these circumstances, and Mrs. T. says:

"Whilst she thus communed with herself, a sudden chill, succeeded by fierce agony, alarmed her. She knew, by intuition, the warning. The expected event was at hand—it arrived. The long looked-for, the cherished hope—the child of an idolised though doubting husband, breathed the breath of life. In solitude, except the aid of hirelings, without a friend near her—no mother to bathe her burning hands, or fan her cheek—no sister to whisper words of encouragement and hope; not even the homely language of an English nurse to speak of calmer moments; after the anguish of the hour there came that—which no words can speak—the consciousness of being a mother. The soothing accents to the frightened spirit—all is well,—a weak and wailing voice is heard, and a new life is added to our own—a solicitude so inexpressible—a love so fond and yearning—a tenacity so indescribable to that one object, that it speaks its own origin. Yes, in that moment the conscious heart owns at once that God sends the blessing. There had been danger—there was now safety; but the exhausted frame found renovation in sleep. When Ella awoke, she could see her child—her daughter. She could gaze upon its face—she turned eagerly to the nurse, 'Is there any

news of—of—' The woman anticipated the faltering question. 'Yes, he is at home.' 'And does he not come to see me?' cried Ella, the tears starting to her eyes. 'He is weary—in bed—he will see you to-morrow,' was the reply. 'To-morrow! an age! He has not forgiven me! Oh, Radcliffe!' muttered Ella to herself, as she closed her eyes to prevent inquiries, 'would I had died!' She heard a soft breathing near her—a little hand touched hers: 'Forgive, O Father of mercies!' she murmured, 'and spare me this darling.' To-morrow came; Radcliffe did not appear; a kind message, however, consoled her—he had been ill and was better. Somehow, Ella had scarcely ever felt alarm at his illness; there is a sort of obduracy given in such cases to some, even to the most amiable minds—they refuse to admit a notion of danger—in light cases, how apprehensive—in serious disorders, how blind! Is it in mercy? I have sometimes thought it so, that the dreadful truth is hidden first; then suffered to gain by slow degrees a footing in the slow belief, until time and reflection—alas! why speak of these?—the blow is struck! it must be borne: given how it may be, its poignancy cannot be averted. A week elapsed in promises of to-morrow; kind messages: at last came a grave man in a periwig, who arrived to intimate, gently, that Mr. Radcliffe was confined to his bed—had taken cold; remedies had been applied; he was better. 'To-morrow—the fatal word was repeated—he would be able to see the young mother and her child. He left the room; the nurse followed him. They went down stairs in earnest confabulation. Ella was sitting up; her child lay on a couch near her: she tottered to it, took it in her arms, and went into the chamber in which, as she guessed, her husband was. It was all in darkness; all except a small portion of the green jealousy, which was drawn up: that admitted a gleam of light upon the bed, whereon lay what Ella could scarcely recognise—the shadow of Radcliffe. She could not have believed the change which one fortnight had seen; the havoc of the mind: she stood in mute despair. Radcliffe was perfectly sensible. He perceived before him, clad in her white wrapping gown, the young, fond mother; on her arm lay their child. His deep-set eyes were raised to the countenance of her whom he had so yearned again to see: a transient smile made the emaciation of his face the more apparent. Ella could not speak. 'I have asked for you so often,' he said, in a faint voice; 'I thought at last that they deceived me—that you, too, were ill.' 'I have been deceived! they told me you were better,' cried Ella, mournfully; 'you have, then, been very ill—and wishing for me. My God! teach me to bear this. Why was I deceived? Had they told me—' 'It would not, my dearest Ella, have availed,' Radcliffe spoke with firmness: his voice seemed to paralyse her. 'Let me,' he added, in a feeble voice, 'see my child! Bless, bless it!' His voice died to a whisper; he sank back exhausted, trembling, fainting. A shriek—such a shriek as speaks not of alarm, but of mental anguish, too potent to be borne—reached the nurse, who was at this moment returning up the stairs. She bustled into the room, and received from its poor mother's arms the infant descendant of the ill-fated Radcliffe; thus ill-starred even in its earliest stage of life! She retired, and left the hapless Ella, planted by the bed-side of Radcliffe. 'You are easy,' she said, trying to rally her spirits, 'you have no pain? Surely I may hope so.' The word was uttered with that

thrill of agony which ill accorded with its meaning. 'I have, indeed, no pain—that is over; sit by me; do not believe them if they tell you I am better.' 'Do not leave me; let me; I cannot speak to you, feel that you are near.' 'My own, my beloved!' cried Ella, kneeling by him, and placing her hand in his. An interval of quiet succeeded; it flattered the heart of the hopeful Ella; then she heard from the attendants the brief history of this illness of rapid course—the shooting pain, the cough, the burning heat, the dire, death-like oppression; the fierce remedies, the loss of blood, the subsequent exhaustion: 'There he had been for nights and days, unable to breathe, unable to lie still; there he had been without her!—Imagination painted his sufferings to her, perhaps in tints too strong, perhaps not; for fearful is the path, sometimes, through the valley of the shadow of death.' The struggle lasted some days. 'One night, preceding the last fatal hours,—those solemn hours which speak of judgment, which open the grave to our view,—as she watched by the being so ardently loved—(the first fond love of girlhood—poor, poor Ella!) she strove in vain to soothe the restlessness which sometimes precedes the day of death—she could not. No, there are agonies which even affection cannot soothe; and to the sensitive and delicate frame of Radcliffe the sense of pain was as it is to such natures, far more intolerable than it is to the calm. She prayed; he joined in prayer; but the words fell confused and jumbled from his lips: she was alone with him—alone! how truly so! for the mind with which she had communed was wandering—the voice, the only voice which could comfort the lonely one, could, with difficulty, reply to hers. That night—how long it seemed! how sharp were the agonies of every moment! and yet how prized, afterwards, the slightest portion of time, which had been given to him! It passed at last, and with morning came the low, calm state of hopeless sinking;—the consciousness of coming death! the prayer for mercy bursting from the heart which soon should cease to beat: with it there were tears. 'Ella!' he said, as the dews of death stood upon his forehead, 'my God has, I hope, forgiven me; do you forgive me that I ever gave you pain? I have sorrowed for it. You will not think of it when I am gone?' He spoke to one whose lips could scarcely utter a reply. She kissed his hand, and then turned eagerly towards the physicians whom she had summoned at the first. 'But should he not be quiet? He has taken nourishment. Is there nothing to be done?' Their silence gave that blow which no language can speak; that chill, dread conviction, repelled by the heart that is fondest, ever the longest—the most loving cling the last to hope. 'You will write to the prince—you—tell him I died, if not as my father, yet still, his, his own true Radcliffe. Gentlemen,' he added, a few moments afterwards, looking anxiously at the physicians, 'you will take care of her; take care of my poor Ella—my wife. My mother, too—how—where is she?' He was checked by the palsy; shorter and shorter became his breathing. The attendants kept raising his head; consciousness continued; then came that long, last watching, when gradually the powers of life give way, the spirit seems already to have left the heaving, still suffering clay. In a gentle gasping, existence passed away: those eyes, bright once with the radiance of intellect, were glazed, as the breathing became more and more indistinct, until the last sigh could scarcely be heard. The child of the unfortunate Radcliffe was brought into the

room; the nurse placed it on the bed, near to the kneeling and broken-hearted mother. Its touch aroused her; she took that little hand, and held it until the attendants, pointing to the features of Radcliffe, whispered, 'All is over.' Then she looked at her child. 'Leave me,' she said, gently, 'alone.' She looked wildly around her. She was in kindness obeyed. She was left alone with death; but to her mind those now placid features gave no impression of that departure which she had witnessed. She gazed long, without tears, upon that loved face, than which her youthful fancy had never pictured any thing fair. There lay one whose noble qualities fitted him for a happier fate—the accomplished, the ill-fated Radcliffe; that calm brow, those sunk, closed eyes; could she never see them animated again,—and live? Was the world to be a desert to her? Should she long be compelled to drag on so woful a pilgrimage? 'Francis! can you hear my cries? can you know my agony?' she cried. The thrilling tones of her voice resounded through the room. A drear and dreadful silence followed. To speak—to look—to meet with no response—Yes! this is death! To gaze upon that bed, so late attended by anxious cares, now so still; one stiff, cold, immovable figure there! In this moment, these words supported the hopeless, the desolate one; far from kindred, deprived of the object of her affections; weak, sinking, a child in her inexperience; at the mercy of the world; she was consoled by the recurrence of a text learned in childhood, and applied in the deepest sorrow of her chequered life—'And now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.' 'We would not impair the beauty of this most natural and afflicting picture: but in justice to the writer and our own comments, must copy out a few of her various and observant incidental remarks. "Poor, young, and inexperienced beings! not poor because inexperienced; for experience is a species of acquirement that brings but little happiness; and that rarely teaches in matters of love. I would thank no fairy to bestow on me experience: the dose is bitter as we take it, and leaves dregs of sorrow and mortification. 'We learn by experience,' is a common saying; but how odious a means of gaining knowledge. Oh, for the days when we knew the word 'experience' only in the spelling-book! It is a melancholy word, with its manifold meaning; its very respectability has something stern in its respect." The *Heir to an Estate*.—"The baby was, to be sure, in his humble opinion, rather more likely to die than to live. It was a living portrait of Marmaduke done in little—one of those children that teach one to think that even infancy can be unlovely; with a prominent nose, and no cheeks; a wasted, puny, little, over-cared-for being, whom Mrs. Moreton puffed off as a fine, only too romping boy. With such eyes!—"my eyes!—such perfect hands!—such inimitable feet!—his papa's feet!—and an air of high breeding even with his common dress on!" Characters.—"Among his equals he was unpopular, though respected; but the poor understood him. In penetration they exceed the educated; they judge by actions; they knew, beneath that crust of ice, the kind, true heart—the intention always liberal—the deeds so much better than the words. It is in vain to talk of misrepresentation in society. Go to a man's home, and set it straight;—go where he has power, and see how he uses it. After all, a man always stands or falls in estimation by his real qualities."

"The prosperous and the fashionable may have their moments of caprice; but those who have ridden over the rough roads of life usually feel for their fellow-travellers."

"I'll be hanged [says the oddity, Cuthbert], when one is in trouble, if it isn't one's poor relations that one goes to, and not to one's rich ones."

There are many of these little bits which sparkle through the page; but we must leave the whole, with our hearty applause, to the readers, whom the author's name alone will so speedily convolve to the treat of its perusal.

Fanny, the Little Milliner; or, the Rich and the Poor. By C. Rowcroft. No. 1. London, J. Mortimer.

A NEW serial from an able pen, and evidently meant to stand up for the rights of the lower orders against the evils which too widely oppress them. 'If executed in a wise and tolerant spirit, nothing can be more acceptable.' We are for the poor, with heart and soul; but not for levelling and running down all above them. Let us raise, not depress; try to make the abject comfortable, not the comfortable abject. As Mr. Rowcroft works out his views, we have no doubt he will enforce these doctrines.

A History of British Crustacea. By Thomas Bell, F.R.S., F.L.S., &c. Part I, 8vo, pp. 48. London, J. Van Voorst.

THE Professor of Zoology in King's College, London, has here begun a publication which, from the accuracy and copiousness of its scientific definitions, the distinctness of its literal descriptions, and the beauty of its illustrations, promises to be one of the most useful and popular character. The first part is occupied with the crab, of which twelve are figured most correctly; but crabs are not handsome creatures; and if there are any persons fastidious enough to dislike their spider-looking forms, we would advise them to turn to the delicious little engravings of tail-pieces to the chapters, in which sea-views, fishermen, craft, &c. &c. are executed in a charming manner.

The Post Magazine Almanack and Court and Parliamentary Register for 1845. Pateman.

THE proprietor and compiler's address in this cheap almanack, acknowledging past favours, lays claim to a greater degree of care in details of collateral information than is devoted to such matters in similar publications. Such vaunt excites immediately to seek for errors; our glance, however, has only detected two, and these probably typographical, but under the same heading, Hong Hong for Hong Kong, and the governor of Mauritius, Sir W. Comm, instead of Gomm. The *Post Almanack* is, however, a cheap and good compilation.

Albert Lunel; or, the Chateau of Languedoc. 3 vols. C. Knight and Co.

A TALE of recent times, and connected with events of the French revolution. It has the appearance of being a translation, and is inscribed to Mr. Rogers; whose "sagacity (it is said) may, from internal evidence, serve to point a conjecture towards France and her colonies, as his country,—her language, as that in which his book may have been written," which is about as perplexed a sample of style and meaning as we have met with even in modern novel-writing. The story itself is, however, full of incident, and descriptive of French manners. The political intrigues involve great misfortunes and misery; and the inculcation of humanity and morality is the aim of the whole.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

LAST Saturday, St. Andrew's day, and the accustomed anniversary of the Royal Society, the President, the Marquis of Northampton, in the chair, the royal gold medals were adjudged to Mr. G. Boole, of Lincoln, for a mathematical paper, entitled "On a new method in analysis;" and to Dr. Andrews, of Belfast, for a paper "On the thermal changes of basic substitutions." The gold Copley medal was awarded to Prof. Matteucci, of Pisa, for his researches in animal electricity. The Duke of Hamilton was elected a trustee of the Soane Museum on the part of the society. The following were elected as the officers and council of the society for the ensuing year, those in italics being the new members:—

President: The Marquis of Northampton. *Treasurer:* Sir J. W. Lubbock, Bart. *Secretaries:* Dr. Roget; S. H. Christie, Esq. *Foreign Secretary:* J. F. Daniell, Esq. *Other Members of the Council:* Dr. Bostock; B. Bowman, Esq.; J. K. Brunel, Esq.; Dr. Buckland; Sir W. Burnett; G. Dollond, Esq.; *The Dean of Ely:* T. Graham, Esq.; R. L. Murchison, Esq.; R. Owen, Esq.; Sir J. C. Ross, Capt. R.N.; Dr. Royle; Dr. Sharpey; J. Taylor, Esq.; Rev. Dr. Walker; Lord Wrottesley.

The annual balloting-list had not been this year circulated among the Fellows; Dr. Mantell and Mr. Grove asked for an explanation of this departure from the usual course. After some minutes' communing in an under tone between the President and Dr. Roget, the noble Marquis replied, that he was not at the council when the discontinuance of the balloting-list was determined upon, but that he had just understood the resolution was passed with a view to the saving double postage!!!

CIVIL ENGINEERS.

THE council of the institution of Civil Engineers have awarded the Telford medals and Walker premiums for 1844; the former to the first eleven, and the latter to the eight following—

To W. Fairbairn, for his paper on the properties of the iron ores of Samakoff (Turkey), &c.;—to J. Murray, for his description and drawings of the removal of the lighthouse on the north pier at Sunderland;—to J. Brenner, for his papers on Pulteney Town harbour, Sablet harbour, a new piling engine, and an apparatus for floating large stones for harbour works;—to A. Murray, for his paper on the construction and proper proportions of steam-boilers;—to A. A. Croll, for his paper on the purification of coal-gas, &c.;—to J. Bradwood, for his paper and drawings descriptive of the means of rendering large supplies of water available in cases of fire, &c.;—to J. Samuda, for his account of the atmospheric railway;—to C. H. Gregory, for his paper on railway cuttings and embankments;—to Captain W. S. Moorson, for his description and drawings of the Avon bridge at Tewkesbury;—to T. Grissell, for his description and model of the scaffolding used in erecting the Nelson Column;—to C. Manby, secretary, for the translation and arrangement of the History of the Canal and Sluices of Katwyk, and the description of the works of the Amsterdam and Rotterdam Railway, by the Chev. Conrad;—to the Chev. Conrad, for his description and drawings of the works of the Amsterdam and Rotterdam Railway;—to J. Leslie, for his description and drawings of the iron lock-gates of the Montrose docks;—to J. G. Thomson, for his description and drawing of the landing in the Ashley cutting, Great Western Railway;—to J. Timperley, for his account of the building of the Wellington Bridge, Leeds;—to G. W. Hemans, for his description and drawing of a wrought-iron lattice bridge on the Dublin and Drogheda Railway;—to W. Brill, jun., for his description and drawings of the London terminus of the Eastern Counties Railway;—to A. J. Mason, for his description and drawings of the hydraulic traversing frame used on the Great Western Railway;—to J. Forrest, jun., for his drawings and diagrams illustrative of numerous papers read at the meetings.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Nov. 27.—Mr. W. Pole, V.P., in the chair. The secretary read a paper by Mr. R. Davison, "On the manufacture and cleansing of casks." In some establishments in London there are not fewer than from 70 to 80,000 casks used for beer only—and in the United Kingdom for public brewing alone about 2,600,000 casks. The subject, therefore, of keeping such vessels in fit and proper condition becomes one of vast importance. Much attention has been paid to the subject for years past, and several schemes, both by chemical and mechanical means, have been attempted. After detailing the plans at present in use, of *unheading, firing, and steaming* the casks, the application of chemicals for their purification, and the mechanical means hitherto employed for cleansing them, the paper described the new process lately invented by Messrs. Davison and Symington, which includes new methods, 1, of making casks; 2, of cleansing casks by machinery; and 3, of purifying casks.

For the construction of casks, new wood containing the vegetable juices is to be used, the staves to be set up with temporary hoops, and subjected to a rapid current of heated air. The cleansing process is performed by machinery, which consists of two frames made of iron, one revolving inside the other; the inner may be termed a cradle, in which the cask is secured by means of a chain, lever, and catch. A motion being given to the outer frame, either by hand or engine-power, causes the inner one to revolve in a contrary direction, which is accomplished by an eccentric next the axis of the outer frame, and to which is connected a set of jointed rods, communicating with a ratchet fixed in the axis of the inner frame. The action is thus: for every turn the outer frame makes in the direction of its length, the inner one which contains the cask moves at right angles a distance equal to one tooth of the ratchet, or $\frac{1}{10}$ of the circumference of the cask; in this way, by the time the outer frame has made twenty revolutions *end over end*, the inner frame has moved the cask round only *once sideways*. Thus, by means of a chain of peculiar construction attached to a plug suited to the bung-hole, which is in the first instance inserted in the cask together with two or three gallons of hot water, every inch of surface of the cask becomes acted upon, and freed from all adhering matter in a very short time. The new mode of purifying casks is, first to cleanse the inside thoroughly from all extraneous matter, afterwards to subject them to slow or moist steam for about twenty minutes, or not exceeding half an hour, and immediately afterwards, whilst the cask is yet warm after steaming, to remove them to the hot-air nozzle; this very quickly dries out not only the vapour inside the cask, but in the course of ten minutes exhausts even the pores of the wood of every watery particle—the temperature found most beneficial is from 350° to 400° Fahrenheit—which may be proved by applying a mirror or other polished surface to the *tap-hole*, and this without in the least deteriorating or shrinking the cask. The cost of thus cleansing is stated as a reduction from about 8s. to 13d. per cask.—The next paper read was by Mr. Higgs, "On his plan of collecting the contents of the London sewers in a succession of tanks, and chemically precipitating the phosphates, &c." Mr. Higgs' paper was illustrated by a well-executed model. The secretary laid before the society specimens from Mr. J. Woods, of the new method of taking off any number of copies of letter-press printing, woodcuts, or written documents, without the use of type.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Nov. 28.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—T. H. Haddan, M.A. late fellow of Exeter College, senior scholar on the Vinerian Foundation.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. F. E. Lott, St. Alban Hall; Rev. F. C. Fowle, Merton College.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. Butterworth, grand compounder, W. F. J. Kaye, Balliol College; J. W. Siegs, New Inn Hall; Rev. C. F. Wordsworth, T. Harris, Magdalen Hall; R. C. W. Ryder, scholar, J. G. Orger, Wadham College; T. Balston, Brasenose College; A. H. Hamilton, St. John's Coll.; J. Banks, scholar, W. Barrett, Lord Crew's exhibitor of Lincoln Coll.; E. T. Turner, scholar of Trinity College; F. Metcalfe, fellow of Lincoln College (incorporated from St. John's College, Cambridge).

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 27.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—B. Wake, St. John's College; J. H. Titecomb, St. Peter's College; C. S. Caffin, Caius College; L. Spencer, Christ's College.

Bachelors in Divinity.—J. G. Brewster, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. B. Greenwood, Cath. Hall; G. M. Hawkins, Magdalen College.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the Syro-Egyptian Society was held in Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, on Tuesday. The learned orientalist, Dr. John Lee, delivered upon the occasion an introductory address, in which he particularly pointed out the advantages which might and have accrued to the progress of discovery in regard to Egypto-Syrian antiquities and history, by the labours of persons residing in this country as well as by travellers.

Dr. Yates, the hon. secretary of the society, then communicated a detailed plan of the views and objects of the society, which proposed to itself to encourage and advance literature, science, and the arts, throughout anterior Asia and Egypt, as well as to increase our knowledge in all matters relating to the antiquities, history, natural history, and present condition of those countries.

This was followed by an inaugural dissertation of considerable length, detailing the progress of discovery within the last half century in these very remarkable countries, the cradle of the human race, and the first home of the arts and sciences. With such clearly defined objects there can be little doubt of the success of such an institution, and this was well attested by the attendance of a large body of gentlemen and ladies, who evidently took great interest in the proceedings. Numerous donations of books, maps, &c. were announced; and it was a very gratifying sight to observe, at the termination of the meeting, many travellers, whose first acquaintance had been made in the forest or in the field, recognising one another after the lapse of years, and united by such societies in the pleasurable bonds of intercommunion and intercourse.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Nov. 28.—Lord Mahon in the chair. Mr. Pettigrew's paper on a bilingual inscription in Egyptian hieroglyphics and cuneiform characters was read, and a paper on a kindred subject by Mr. Birch commenced, of which we will give an account next week.—After a good deal of discussion, and strong expressions of dissent, a sum of 300l. was voted to Mr. Carlisle, the secretary, for making an index to the last fifteen volumes of the *Archæologia*, by a majority of 13 (the numbers being 36 yeas and 23 noes).

"We see," said the famous Dr. Horsley, in an indignant speech to the Royal Society, on a similar occasion of backstairs influence,—"we see that great numbers may be occasionally brought down to halloo upon particular questions, who do not honour the society with a very regular attendance."

To a large portion of the society this sum appeared to be an extravagantly disproportionate remuneration for the labour of index-making, and considerable dissatisfaction is felt. The index was laid upon the table, printed and ready for distribution to the members of the society.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Graphical, 8 P.M.; Microscopical, 8 P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.; Ethnological, 8 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; R. S. of Literature, 4 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.
Friday.—Astronomical, 8 P.M.; Philological, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

NEW ZEALAND.

Our last *Gazette* contained a letter descriptive of Buenos Ayres, which could hardly fail (we trust) to interest the public; and we are now glad of a similar communication from New Zealand, written by one of the best-informed of the settlers in that island, and one who, it will be perceived, occupies a prominent place in its social system. He gives us but sketches; it is true, but they touch (and truly! without colouring) on some important points.—*Ed. Liberator*

It has lately been all over our old ground again up the Manawatu, stopping on my way at Wainui, Hurumutu's place, Otake, Waikane, Ohau, &c. There are several settlements on the river—Keeble's steam saw-mills being the most important. Taikopoua will not give up an inch of any of the land above Long Reach; you may remember this was the chief whose Pa we visited with Capt. Smith on our passage down the river, who made a long speech during the rain. I saw both te Rauparaha and Rangihaita; with the latter I refused to shake hands, as I did not like to touch the hand of a deliberate murderer. Rauparaha is many degrees better; and although I also avoided taking his hand, I consented to come into his house at Otake, and talked with him for some time: he wished, he said, the affairs of the natives were in my hands.

Upon Chapman's arrival here, he relieved me of all the duties connected with the supreme court, which I had to do for the chief justice; and I availed myself of the government brig, going down to Akaroa, to visit Banks's Peninsula: it was the first holiday I had taken. I was fortunate; for we first put into Kaikora, a whaling station of Johnny Wade's, about forty miles south of the Lookers-on; after which we kept close in shore, and I had a good view of the country. We soon made Banks's Peninsula, and anchored in Pigeon Bay, which is on the northern side of the peninsula: it is a most beautiful small harbour, about six miles deep. We brought to about half way up: here we found a Scotchman named Sinclair with his wife and two grown-up daughters; a son, a young man; and two young children. He gave us a hearty welcome; and had fourteen cows, which kept him and his family. I found Peter Douglas there, the man that built Mavri Davis's schooner. Sinclair, with his assistance, and that of two other men, had built several whale-boats, and also two schooners; very creditably. At the end of the bay is a man named Hay, also a Scotchman, with his wife and family, with about ten cows; he is also doing well. There are several beautiful and romantic spots in the harbour, which is about a mile wide at the entrance, and gradually widening to a mile and a half or two

miles. There is no bar, and good soundings all over; it is finely wooded, with patches of cleared land here and there, and a fine run for cattle. Hay and Sinclair are the only two settlers, and are squatters of course—the latter you may remember built a schooner on the Waiwetu, and called it Richmond, from the name of the supposed village there; he has since my visit brought up some salted butter, &c., in one of his vessels; and I was glad to have an opportunity of paying him some attention, for although rather a rough yeoman, he is a very respectable man, and an excellent colonist.

Captain Richards, after he had anchored, sent the mail overland by his chief mate (Crose, who was Murphies' servant and cockswain of the police-boat), and we set off the next morning to walk over the mountains to Port Levy. We started at eight o'clock in a drenching rain, and, after great fatigue, reached the native Pa about four o'clock. Here I found Bloody Jack (Tuhauwake) staying with his brother: he had somehow learned that I intended to visit the peninsula, and proceeded there to meet me. I had previously made his acquaintance at Wellington, to which place he had come by the invitation of te Rauparaha; but they never met—the latter being afraid of trusting himself at Port Nicholson, and the former equally suspicious of danger either at Kapiti or Otake, where te Rauparaha has now entrenched himself. Tuhauwake says, he is Wellington, and that Rauparaha is Napoleon, and that they never can be friends; he asserts that Rauparaha is merely trying to rally all the leading men in the islands to oppose the settlers, supposing that the Wairau affair will never be overlooked by the whites. There is no doubt of te Rauparaha's superior judgment and intellect, and that he is a perfect Metternich in his way; but Tuhauwake is altogether by far the most intelligent native I have ever seen, and speaks English tolerably well. He appears to place great confidence in me. When we reached the Pa, he pressed me very much to stop the night, and had prepared a good bed for me; but as my time was limited, and Capt. Richards very anxious to get on, I could only stay an hour. We had some refreshment with him, and dried some of our clothes; he lent me an excellent Benjamin and a good seal-boat, and four slaves to pull us round the point into Port Cooper, where he told us there was a white settler. We started at five, Richards steering the boat; the rain fell heavily, and the wind blowing as you know how it can blow in New Zealand. Thus we found the voyage much longer than we expected; it soon got dark, when Richards resigned the helm to me, and went into the bow of the boat to look out for rocks, because we were obliged to keep close in shore, as the wind and tide set strong out of the harbour. I put the helm as Richards directed, for I could see nothing but the immense white breakers, the roaring of which nearly drowned his voice: at length, at about nine o'clock, we observed the distant light of the white settler about two miles a-head, to gain which we had to cross the mouth of a small bay, about half a mile wide, in rather a rough sea. At ten we ran the boat upon the beach, in a soft place. I found the white settler no other than our old friend Greenwood, our intermediate passenger and fellow-traveller on board the Lady Nugent: he had gone to bed, and the fire we saw was outside the place in which he was living, which was a kind of barn, containing all his movables in every sort of possible confusion. He gave us a change of clothes, not fire—he had none in

the house, nor any fire-place; but he had some tea, and we had some brandy that we had brought with us. The next morning the rain had ceased, and I made an excursion up to a spot from whence I had a most magnificent view of the whole harbour, and of the country in the interior. I saw a vast valley, probably forty miles long, leading towards Kaikora, through which a fine broad river ran, about the size of the Manawatu; the land was open, and excellent for pasturage. I was told that Deane, the man that lived formerly at Lorry Bay, had settled there, and had a large stock of cattle grazing in the plains. Greenwood treated us extremely well; and on our return to his place we found four French officers of the French frigate the Rhin, lying at Akaroa; they had been out six days in the woods—having lost their way. I was very glad to meet them, as I had made their acquaintance before at Wellington. The next morning we left Greenwood's, and pulled round to our friend Tuhauwake's place in Port Levy; here Richards and myself determined to sail round the heads into Pigeon Bay, rather than attack the mountain again, which is one mass of rocks and thick bush. Our guide, a Mavri, in coming had lost his way amongst the rocks; and we had no great confidence in him, therefore we got a boat from our Mavri friends, and arrived at the anchorage of the brig, in Pigeon Bay, about 5 P.M., and sat down to dinner with furious appetite, well pleased with our trip. The next morning, at eight, we started for Hay's place, at the head of the harbour; he received us very kindly: I left with him a Bible and some books which our good bishop had sent to him, as well as to Sinclair, at their request. From the head of the bay, a little valley—a miniature Hutt—extends about five miles inland through the bush. A small river runs through it, which we had to cross thirteen times. We then reached an open fine land country, gradually rising to about one thousand feet. The French have made a tolerable path through the bush, which follows about the length of Pukerua wood, say nine miles; but much more rugged, as you are mounting the whole way. The descent on the other side, towards Akaroa, is very steep and rocky, but full of immense timber; no bush or underwood, and entirely free from supple-jack. On the first opening on the Akaroa side, we had been instructed to light a fire, that a boat might be sent from the settlement to the beach. It was very hazy; and after waiting an hour, to see whether any assistance would be sent, we started again, as it was getting late. It afterwards turned out that the fire was not seen, the smoke being confounded with the mist. We set off, reached the beach below, and walked round to the settlement. The road is a tolerably good one, made by the enterprising French. We arrived at the settlement about nine at night, and were glad to get into a house, kept by a man named Bruce. There are no brick-houses at Akaroa. Exclusive of the officers and men of the French frigate, the French population is about fifty souls, and a few Germans, the rest English; on the whole about one hundred and fifty, including children. I found the Roman Catholic bishop Pompallie here, whom I knew and visited at the Bay of Islands. After calling upon him, I went off in a boat to pay my respects to the commandant, Bérard, of the frigate, whom I had also known previously at Port Nicholson,—an excellent man of science, a scholar, and a gentleman. I cannot describe to you how heartily he received me; nothing could exceed his kind-

ness and good feeling, not only to me, but, I believe, to every one. His officers were all equally cordial. M. Beligny, the agent for the French New Zealand Company, was also there,—a most intelligent man, one whom I shall always esteem—in fact, this was a day not to be forgotten. The frigate is in excellent trim, and filled with officers who are rather *savans* than sailors; and both on a voyage of discovery and science. I was particularly struck with M.M. Renoud, Villeneuve, Arnoux—but indeed all were honourable specimens of the French navy. We did not break up till late; the evening was rather spent in conversation than in drinking, although our fare was sumptuous in every respect. There was a brass band on board, which played some of Auber, Rossini, and Mozart's music nearly the whole time. It was very striking to plunge at once into sound refinement, after the rough roads and huts of savage life. The day following we dined with Beligny, who is living at a small French chateau; he has a neat and rather an extensive French garden. And here, again, we were entertained most hospitably. The next days were devoted to business and research. I visited and thoroughly searched the neighbourhood. I found Tuhauwake had come round in his boat to see me again. He dined with me; and we had a long talk about the projected Scotch settlement, about which, and the prospects of which, he was very anxious. I told him that the objection to Port Cooper was, that there was little or no wood, otherwise it opened a fine country for agriculture. Port Levy was good, but wanted available land, which the former possessed. Pigeon Bay was too small, and Akaroa previously settled by the French, whose interest must first be bought up, and their title extinguished legally. He thought Dusky Bay a good place. The smallness of the number of natives in these two southern islands (exclusive of Cook's Straits) leads me to hope that the grand experiment, as to their preservation and civilisation, may be safely made by an intelligent person, uncontrolled by prejudice on the one hand, and the new broom on the other—both equally dangerous. But I fear these obstructions will always prevail; and the poor Mavri, by one or both of these means, will be exterminated, and by the very methods that are taken to preserve them. After collecting a tolerable quantity of minerals, and booking the trees not found in the other districts, I started to walk over to Pigeon Bay, and set sail for Wellington, and arrived there after an absence of three weeks, well pleased with my trip. I forgot to tell you that, at the dinner on board the frigate, we met again the French officers whom we left at Greenwood's. I omitted to tell him what their rank was; and he (persuaded that they were runaway sailors) told them, if they wanted food, they must work. One had to fetch wood and chop it, another to look after the cows, and so on; with which orders they very readily complied. You know that the toilet of a man taking to the bush, and remaining there six days in the rain, would not be in first-rate order. Hence Greenwood's mistake! I find that young Greenwood is doing very well, but has been very unfortunate with his stock: he brought down sixty-seven; he has now only thirty-one, all the rest having strayed into the bush, and among them a fine Durham bull. He, as well as the other settlers about there, find a ready market for their produce at Akaroa. He carries it over on his back. This is the true life for a colonist. Land is of no value in New Zealand unless the owner occupies and works it himself. Those who formerly kept stores are

gradually taking to the bush for subsistence. The cattle-breeder gets the best profit. • •

THE DRAMA.

Haymarket.—Another clever and amusing little piece, adapted by Planché from the French vaudeville, *Georgette*, has been brought out successfully here, under the title of *Somebody Else*. Madame Vestris exerted herself to give her wonted spirit of *naïveté* and *plaisanterie* to the character of *Minnie*, and was well matched by Mathews as *Moritz*, though he did not seem quite at home. The costumes are natural and appropriate, and contribute much to the pleasing effect of this little trifle.

Adelphi.—A series of plotless scenes derived from the French, and called *Sidonia di Molina*, have been produced with success at this theatre on Monday last. It was very well put upon the stage, and acted principally by Madame Celeste and Mr. Hudson.

Covent Garden.—M. Jullien is certainly one of the most indefatigable of *entrepreneurs*. During the past week we have had, in addition to the fine permanent orchestra, M. Sivori on the violin, and M. Distin and his sons on their newly-invented horns; while the selections of music have been nightly varied, so that the tastes of all may be gratified. We need only add, that those who would not be satisfied with the musical entertainment provided for them by M. Jullien, must be hard indeed to please.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SLIGHTED WOMAN.

"There is no demon like a woman scorn'd."—Byron.

Go! nor look for my relenting, vex my soul no more with strife;
I have done what woman doeth surely once in her weak life—
I have loved, and then repented, seen my worship cast away;
Yet at least I crash'd the idol when I knew that it was clay;
Yet myself I brake mine irons, though my woman's hands were torn.
Bruised in struggling back to freedom from the bondage I had borne.
Man! oh, would that thou wert glorious as I saw thee in my dreams,
That thy feelings honour-nurtured flow'd in fertilising streams!
I have found them lava-torrents, blighting, scorching, where they roll,—
Rank with poison-vegetation is the garden of thy soul;
And the vows of luscious sweetness, breathing odours of the south,
Are but eddying winds of falsehood from the caverns of thy mouth.
Did I woo thee? did I sue thee?—answer, eoward, to my scorn!
Did I hymn thy praise at sunset and beset thy path at morn?
Was it not thy love that snared me, winning mine as kindred truth,
All unconscious as I enter'd on the flowering time of youth?
Were mine eyes, like thine, guilt-sharpen'd, I had search'd beneath the sheen:
God forgive me for this passion—now I see thee false and mean.
Shall I smile with forced indifference, though I sicken with my pain,
Hide my pangs from vulgar prying, still the whirlwind of my brain?
No! the dulllest eye would find me, and the scornful finger point.
And the cutting breeze of slander rack each quiv'ring nerve and joint.
Pity's for the body's suffering! mine is but the cloven heart;
And mankind would hoot such anguish, if mankind be as thou art!
Go, and fool some other woman! woe is me that thou shouldst thrive,
Stand as equal 'mong the noblest and among the fairest wive!

Woe is me that maids are many, who of life as little know
As I did when I believed thee, but three hasty months ago!
Dupes there are enough for dupers; each deceiver has his share;
Wisdom but with grief is purchased, and experience with despair!
E. A. H. O.

VARIETIES.

The Novel Times, No. I.—Novel times indeed! when we have here sixteen double-column large octavo pages of a sequel to the *Chronicles of Waltham*, by Mr. Gleig; and as much of a translation of *Letters from the Orient*, by Ida Countess Hahn-Hahn, and all for the small price of three pennies! Upon this subject much may be said; but we will wait to see its progress before we say any thing. "Cheap and good" is good; but we must take care that the cheap be good, or it will drive all that is good out of our literature. The *Novel Times* starts fairly.

The Jewish Chronicle: New Series.—The weight and influence of the Jewish community in Britain has of late called the periodical press into a very natural existence and activity; and the present (Nos. 1 to 5 inclusive) is a renewed emanation of these efforts. As there are schisms in the Christian Church, so there seem to be divisions in the Synagogue; for the Prospectus says:—"What reigns supreme among our leaders now but the spirit of party! There was a time when that baneful word was not known in Israel; when our most inveterate foe was obliged to designate us as *THE* united people. But now! Orthodox and Seceders, Memorialists and Anti-memorialists, A—rites and H—dites, are arrayed against each other. No public question arises but that some would-be leader, however unqualified, arrogates to himself the right of pronouncing an opinion and dictating a decision; but that some wrongheaded zealots respond to his call and form a party. And so nicely balanced is the influence of these leaders, that each party, powerless to effect any good, is all-powerful to prevent the good projected by others; while the great body of the people, shut out from any share in the administration of public affairs, and too inert to vindicate its rights, is forced to remain the passive spectator of struggles that have already produced much evil, and threaten to produce much more. Our neighbours have long since found out that party is the madness of the many for the gain of the few. We are about making the discovery that party may be the madness of a few for the gain of none, but for the irreparable injury of all." The approaching election of a chief rabbi, in the room of Dr. Hirschel (whom the writer depreciates as "worldly wise," and to have shared in producing the evils now complained of), seems to be the proximate occasion of this struggle of "schism and party spirit."—Since preparing this notice for last week's *Gazette*, we observe that the chief rabbi has been elected, viz., the Rev. Dr. Adler, who had 121 votes. Dr. Hirschel had 13; and Rabbi Hersch 2. Seven synagogues did not vote.

Institute of British Architects.—The first meeting of the season was held in Grosvenor Street on Monday evening—Mr. B. Papworth in the chair—when Mr. C. H. Wilson delivered an interesting discourse on early Italian architecture, which was listened to with great attention by a full room. Besides the usual attendance of professional gentlemen, a considerable number of visitors distinguished for their attachment to the arts and literature were present.

The Physiology of the Passions.—In Tuesday evening's lecture at the Western Literary Insti-

tion, Dr. Millingen introduced insanity, and illustrated it with many extraordinary examples—some very serious, and others laughing-provoking, from the singular turns that the aberrations took. As the Dr. proceeds with his lectures he promises to return to this portion of the subject, which his long experience in the treatment of madness must peculiarly qualify him to render interesting.

The Archaeological Society.—The time appointed for the second anniversary meeting of this society at Winchester is fixed for the first week in August.

Anglo-Roman Remains.—The Gloucester Chronicle describes some interesting Roman antiquities recently discovered in a field adjoining the high road near Lillehorn. They consist of a range of chambers communicating with each other, and bounded by a very thick wall. The bases of the tessellated floors, and many fragments of tesserae, bricks, pottery, glass, household and toilet implements, were found; and also the root of a stag's horn of large size, sawed off at the extremities, a quantity of deer, sheep, and other bones, and two (what are called by the writer of the paragraph) sacrificing knives. On the outside of the wall, about six inches below the surface of the ground, was "a round earthen pot, almost fitting a globe of metal, which was, in fact, a concretion of 1223 coins." They are said to be of the 2d and 3d brass, mostly in good preservation, and from the reigns of Valerius to Allectus, inclusive.

Cure for the Bottle.—He goes and gets half a pint of hardwood ashes, and pours on to it a pint of vinegar, opens Vagrin's mouth, holds on to her tongue, and puts the nose of the bottle in; and I hope I may never live another blessed night if it didn't shoot itself right off down her throat. Talk of a beer-bottle bustin' its cork, and walkin' out quick stick, why it aint the smallest part of a circumstance to it. It cured her. 'If it warn't an active dose, then physic aint medicine, that's all. It made the bottle lose their hold in no time. It was a wonder to behold. I believe it wouldn't be a bad thing for a man in the cholera—for that aint a bit worse than bottle—and nothin' in nature can stand that dose: I aint sure it wouldn't bust a byer.'—*The Attache.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Archæology.—We observe with great pleasure another result from the meeting of the Archaeological Society at Canterbury, in the announcement, by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, of a bi-mensal publication devoted to our national antiquities, and entitled *The Archaeological Album*. From the acknowledged spirit of the publishers, and the abilities of the editor (Mr. Thomas Wright), and also from the talents of the illustrator (Mr. William Fairholt, whose specimens in the Prospectus are admirably done), we may safely anticipate a work of no ordinary interest, and one likely to spread throughout the empire the impulse which has at last been so fortunately given to this subject. We trust we shall not long have to carry foreign lands, but, on the contrary, shew that when a laudable and desirable design is once fairly begun in England, we are not of that character of people to be behind the foremost in the world to carry it to a distinguished issue.

In the Press.—The Whole Works of the Rev. Wm. Bridge, Minister of the Gospel at Great Yarmouth, b. 1645-62. Spiritual Reflections on the several Chapters of Holy Scripture, by the Rev. Dr. L. Hawker, late Vicar of Charles, Plymouth.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The French in Rheinstadt: a Romance of the Day, and other Poems, by J. Nisbet, post 8vo, 7s. 6d.—Present State and Prospects of the Port Philip District of New South Wales, by C. Griffith, post 8vo, 6s.—The Classical Student's Translation of Horace, by the Rev. H. P. Haughton, fcp. 8s.—Monastic Institutions: their Origin, Progress, Nature, and Tendency, by S. P. Day, 12mo, 3s. 6d.—The Palais Royal; an Historical Romance, by the Author of "Henri Quatre,"

3 vols. post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.—My Adventures, by Col. M. Maxwell, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21s.—Johnstone's Elements of Agricultural Chemistry, 4th edit. fcp. 5s.—The Chevalier; a Romance, by Mrs. Thomson, 3 v. post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.—Rose's New Biographical Dictionary, Vol. VII. 8vo, 18s.—Burn's Justice of the Peace, by Burn and Chitty, 6 vols. 8vo, 6l. 10s.—Foreign Library, Part 33, Michelet's History of France, Part I. 8vo, 6s.—Perkins on Haberdashery, Hosiery, &c., new edit. 18mo, 4s.—Gurnall's Christian's Armour, new edit. 8vo, 12s.—Puff Wilson's Continuation of Mill's History of British India, Vol. I. 8vo, 14s.—Baron C. A. De Bode's Travels in Luristan and Arabistan, 2 vols. 8vo, 28s.—Dawson Borer's Journey from Naples to Jerusalem, 8vo, 14s.—Dods on the Incarnation of the Eternal Word, 2d edit. 12mo, 6s.—The Church Visible in all Ages, by Charlotte Elizabeth, 18mo, 3s. 6d.—Uncle Pippin's Tales for Boys, fcp. 5s.—Lugol on Scrofulous Diseases, translated by Dr. W. H. Ranking, 8vo, 10s. 6d.—Rev. F. E. Payer's Tales of the Village-Children, 3d Series, 18mo, 2s. 6d.—The Virgin-Martyr, by P. Massinger, with 6 Designs by Pickersgill, fcp. 5s.—Nothing, by G. Bolton, post 8vo, 7s. 6d.—The University of Bonn; its Rise, Progress, and Present State, post 8vo, 10s. 6d.—A. Barnes on the Organisation and Government of the Apostolic Church, 18mo, 2s.—Blarney; a Poem, by J. Hogan, 2d edit. 12mo, 2s. 6d.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1844.		1844.	
h.	m.	h.	m.
Dec. 7	11 51 52	Dec. 11	11 53 40-2
8	52 17 8	12	54 8 4
9	52 44 8	13	54 37 0
10	53 12 8		

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. J. DENT'S PATENT DIPLEIDOSCOPIC, OR MERIDIAN INSTRUMENT FOR THE REGULATION OF CHRONOMETERS, CLOCKS, AND WATCHES.—Not previous knowledge of astronomical instruments, nor acquaintance with practical astronomy, are required to enable the observer to regulate with this invention the going of his watch by the sun or other celestial object to action of a second. The instrument is as simple as a sun-dial. It is only 2½ inches in diameter, and cannot get out of adjustment, nor can it be affected by the weather. Price Two Guineas each.

Dent's Lectures on Chronometers, Watches, and Clocks, and the description of the Diploidoscope, price 1s. each, but to customers gratis.

Sold at 33 Cockspur Street, and 82 Strand, London.

SOLID WOOD CARVINGS BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

5 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

H. WOOD and CO. beg to call the attention of the Nobility, Clergy, and Architects, to their peculiar patented process, by which the most elaborate Designs in enriched Carvings are produced at so reasonable a price as to enable contractors to possess those exquisite Designs which have hitherto been placed beyond their reach in consequence of the enormous cost and difficulty of getting them executed in this country.

This distinction in price for solid and durable Decorations, has promoted a purer feeling (from its extensive application) for the embellishment of Cathedrals, Churches and Chapels, and Mansions, either in the Gothic, Elizabethan, French, or Italian styles, and the Proprietors beg to invite attention to the new Churches at Paddington and Wilton Place, Knightsbridge, as examples of the character and effect of these productions.

Amongst the advantages of this new art, is the power of realising the most delicate and elaborate designs of the Artists with the most perfect fidelity, and also of executing their most complicated and rich designs at a price little beyond that of the plainest works. Specimens are on view at 5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden; where estimates are given, and contracts entered into, for the entire fitting up, restoration, or repairs, of any Cathedral, Church, or Mansion.

HODGSON AND ABBOTT'S EAST INDIA PALE ALE.—E. ABBOTT, the sole surviving partner of this long-celebrated Establishment, informs the public that this Beer, so strongly recommended by the Faculty, not being sold to the trade, can only be procured at the Brewery, Bow.

City Office, 98 Gracechurch Street.

R. HENDRIE,

Perfumer to Her Majesty, 12 Tichborne Street, London.

HENDRIE'S OLD BROWN WINDSOR SOAP, so long celebrated for improvement, retains its superiority as a perfectly mild emollient Soap, highly salutary to the skin, possessing an aromatic and lasting perfume: each Packet is labelled with Perkins's seal of Windsor Castle.

A variety of highly perfumed Soap Tablets, Sand Balls, &c., prepared without angular corners.

HENDRIE'S PAIN-EXTRACTIVE TOOTH-POWDER, an effective preparation for loosening the Teeth, and preserving them in a sound and healthy condition, is exceedingly agreeable to the mouth, and divesting the Teeth of every impurity, increases the beauty of the enamel in polish and colour.

HENDRIE'S MOISTENING is the most beneficial extract of oleaginous substances for maintaining the beauty and luxuriance of the Hair, having also a delightful perfume. His Germinaline Liquid is a certain specific for producing a new growth where the Hair is falling.

HENDRIE'S GOLD CREAM OR SOAP, prepared in great perfection. **IMPROVED SCORFUMINO DROPS**, for removing greasy spots from the skin.

ESSENCE OF MARSH-MALLOW, for Eczema, to be used without preparation, 1s. a bottle.

A very Pretty Christmas Present.

ONE of the most useful and important Inventions of the present day is LORIMER'S PATENT TRANSPARENT PLANES, for facilitating Drawing from Nature and Models; and is also one of the best means of instructing the eye in Perspective.

Any person using one of these Instruments, and possessing but moderate skill, will be able to sketch Landscapes and take Portraits, or reduce Drawings, Buildings, or Models, to any given Scale: the Proportions or Perspective in every Sketch, &c. will be very true. Price 18s., 25s., and upwards.

Manufactured by the Proprietors, to whom application for Licences, Agencies, &c. may be made, at 2 St. James' Walk, Clerkenwell. Sold by Ackermann, Barrett, Deacons, Dobbie, Newman, Reeves, Rooney; and all Fancy Stationers in the United Kingdom.

BETTS'S PATENT BRANDY

CAPSAULED.—CONSUMERS of BRANDY are respectfully informed, that J. T. BETTS, Jun. and Co. will not be responsible for any BUTTERED BRANDY that is not protected against fraudulent substitution by the Patent Metallic Capsules, embossed with the words, "BETTS'S PATENT BRANDY, 7 SMITHFIELD BARS." Betts's Patent Brandy is used in preference to Foreign at GUY'S, ST. GEORGE'S, and the other principal Hospitals, &c. throughout the Kingdom. Attention is especially requested to the security afforded by the PATENT METALLIC CAPSULES.

Country Dealers are advertised in the provincial journals; and lists of London Dealers may be obtained at the DISTILLERS, whose quantities of not less than 2 Gallons may be assigned, in bulk, at 15s. per Gallon in and in Bottles, Cases, and Bottles included, at 20s. per Gallon.

7 SMITHFIELD BARS.

LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITIES.

AUSTRALASIAN, COLONIAL, and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE and ANNUITY COMPANY.

Capital 200,000, in 2,000 Shares.

Directors.

Edward Barnard, Esq. F.R.S. Gideon Colquhoun, Esq.
Robert Brooks, Esq. Charles E. Mangles, Esq.
Henry Buckle, Esq. Richard Girdle, Esq.
John Henry Capper, Esq. William Walker, Esq.

Secretary—E. Ryley, Esq.

The following are specimens of the premiums charged by this Company for the assurance of 100l.

Age.	20	30	40	50	60
An. Prem.	£1 10 3	£2 0 3	£2 15 3	£4 1 8	£6 3 9

This Company offers the advantages of the guarantee of an ample reserve capital—of permission to retain one-third of the premium in their own hands (the portion so retained, with interest upon it, being deducted from the policy when it becomes a claim)—of ascending, descending, and other scales of premiums,—and of participation in the profits at the end of every five years.

To EMIGRANTS to the AUSTRALASIAN COLONIES, assured for the whole of life, this Company offer the permission to proceed to, and reside in, any of those colonies without extra premium, and to pay their premiums there. For residence in New Zealand, a moderate extra premium is charged.

In SYDNEY, a Board of Directors, and Agents in all the principal settlements—Banks in the colony, THE BANK OF AUSTRALASIA (incorporated by Royal Charter, 1835), No 2 Moorgate Street, London.

ANNUITIES.

Annuities participate in the profits of the Company, and receive a rate of annuity much more favourable than can be granted by any Company making its investments wholly in England. The Company is enabled securely to grant these favourable terms from the advantage it possesses of investing a portion of its funds at a high rate of interest.

INDIA.

Tables of Premiums for Assurance on the lives of Officers engaged in civil, or in naval or military service in the EAST INDIES and CHINA, may be seen at the Offices of the Company.

Agents in India.

Calcutta - - - Messrs. Boyd, Berby, and Co.
Madras - - - Messrs. Line and Co.
Bombay - - - Messrs. Skinner and Co.
Ceylon - - - Messrs. Ackland, Boyd, and Co.

Prospectuses and full particulars may be had at the Offices of the Company, No. 125 Bishopsgate Street, corner of Cornhill.

BRITANNIA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

1 Prince Street, Bank, London.

Empowered by special Act of Parliament, 4 Vic. cap. ix.

Half-Credit Rate of Premium.—Persons assured according to these rates are allowed credit (without security) for half the amount of the first seven annual premiums, paying interest thereon at the rate of five per cent per annum, with the option of paying off the principal at any time, or having the amount deducted from the sum assured when the policy becomes a claim. Policies may thus be effected at lower rates than are generally required for the term of seven years only; whilst the holders have the same security for the payment of their claims, whenever death may happen, as if they paid double the amount of premium, which would be charged for assurance effected in the usual way.

Extract from the Half-Credit Rates of Premium:—

Annual Premium required for an Assurance of 100l. for the whole Term of Life.

Age.	Half Premium for Seven Years.			Whole Premium for Seven Years.		
	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
30	1	1	9	2	3	6
35	1	4	11	2	9	10
40	2	0	0	3	0	0
45	1	14	10	3	9	3
50	2	2	6	4	5	0
55	2	12	9	5	3	6
60	3	6	9	6	13	4

PETER MORRISON, Resident Director.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

M. Jullien's Annual Series of Concerts.

IN consequence of the Theatre being required by the Proprietors on Wednesday, Dec. 11th, and being closed on Tuesday, on account of the interment of H. R. H. the Princess Sophia, M. Jullien has the greatest regret in stating, that the present and last week of his Concerts can consist only of **FOUR NIGHTS**, viz., on Monday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Dec. 9, 12, 13, and 14th.

THE ANNUAL BAL MASQUE takes place on Monday, Dec. 16, and terminates the Season. [See Advertisement.]

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

M. Jullien's Annual Series of Concerts.

Most positively Four Nights more Only.

Signor Camillo Sivori on each Night.

M. JULLIEN'S Entertainment being this Week [NEW LAST] limited to **FOUR NIGHTS**, he has, in order to render those evenings attractive beyond example, induced Signor CAMILLO SIVORI to postpone his departure for the Continent a few days longer, and to perform on each night; the Programme will therefore include—

On MONDAY, Dec. 9, Two Solos by Signor SIVORI, viz., De Beriot's Adagio and Rondo Russe, and Paganini's piece called "Perpetual Motion."

TUESDAY, Theatre closed.

WEDNESDAY, Theatre closed.

On THURSDAY, Dec. 12th, Two Solos by Signor SIVORI, viz., the 1st part of Paganini's Grand Concerto, "La Clochette," and the Prayer from "Mose in Egitto," with variations, on the 4th string.

On FRIDAY, Dec. 13th, Two Solos by Signor SIVORI, viz., the 1st part of Paganini's Grand Concerto, No. 1., and Paganini's Adagio and Rondo, "La Clochette." [Second part.]

On SATURDAY, Dec. 14th, Two Solos by Signor SIVORI, viz., the 1st part of Paganini's Concerto, No. 1., and Paganini's "Thème Baroque," the Andante and "Carnaval de Venise."

The Favourite Pieces of the Season, viz. The Welsh Quadrille, the Polka, the Post Horn Galop, &c., will be played on each Evening, also Solos by HET KONIG, M. BAYMAN, M. LEROUX, M. BARNET, M. CARL, M. PROSPER, &c. &c.

Prices of admission as usual.

M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL GRAND BAL MASQUE will take place MONDAY, Dec. 16, and terminate the Season. [See Advertisement.]

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

M. JULLIEN'S GRAND BAL MASQUE,
MONDAY, DECEMBER 16th.

M. JULLIEN most respectfully refers to his published bills for full particulars of the above GRAND ENTERTAINMENT, which he trusts will be pronounced unequalled by any Public or Private Soiree ever given in England. The Theatre will be converted into one vast Ball Room, and present a most splendid Arrangement and Decoration.

The Orchestra will consist of One Hundred and Eight Artists, being the present Orchestra with numerous additions.

M. JULLIEN'S NEW MAZURKA will be introduced for the First Time.

Also his Twelve Sets of POLKAS, forming his complete Collection, viz.:

The Original Polka. Les Roses Polka.
The Royal Polka. Les Camélias Polka.
The Drawing Room Polka. Les Folies de Paris Polka.
The Dour Polka. The Ducal Polka.
The Rage of Vienna. The Nobility's Polka.
The Queen's Polka. Polkachuchas.

Many of the above Polkas have become established favourites at Soirees of the Nobility, but will be played for the First Time in public on this occasion.

Tickets for the Ball, 10s. 6d.

SPECTATORS.

Every preparation has been made for the accommodation of Spectators. The audience portion of the Theatre will be separated from the Ball Room, and be entirely set apart for that purpose, wherein both Private Boxes and Single Places may be secured beforehand, which will be kept during the whole evening.

Admission for Spectators:—Dress Circle, 5s.; Boxes, 3s.; Galleries, 2s.; Private Boxes, from 2s. 5s. Concessions may be obtained from Mr. Nathan, Costumer, 18 Castle Street, Leicester Square.

LITERATURE AND ART.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALM MALL.

Notice to Exhibitors.

ALL PICTURES and other WORKS of ART intended for Exhibition and Sale, which have not been already publicly exhibited, must be sent in for the inspection of the Committee on MONDAY, the 13th, and TUESDAY, the 14th of JANUARY next, between the hours of Ten in the Morning and Five in the Evening; after which time no Picture or other Work of Art will be received. Portraits, Drawings in Water-Colours, and Architectural Drawings, are inadmissible.

N.B. No Picture will be received for Sale that is not bona fide the property of the Artist.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

Next week will be published, in one vol. octavo,

JOURNAL of a CLERGYMAN during a Visit to the Peninsula in the Summer and Autumn of 1841.
William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CLXIII.—

ADVERTISEMENTS for insertion in No. 163 of The Edinburgh Review are requested to be sent to the Publishers by Friday, the 20th inst.; and Bills on or before Saturday, the 21st.

39 Paternoster Row, Dec. 7, 1844.

On the 1st of January will be published, to be continued in Weekly Numbers, price Three-halfpence; and in Monthly Parts, price Sevenpence, stitched in a Wrapper; handsomely printed in large 8vo, double columns, with a clear type.

No. 1 of

THE EDINBURGH TALES,

CONDUCTED BY

Mrs. JOHNSTONE,

Author of "Clan Albyn," "Elizabeth de Bruce," "Nights of the Round Table," &c. &c.

Under this title will be published a Series of STORIES and NOVELS, illustrative of English, Irish, and Scottish Character, Domestic Manners, and Social Duties, by Mrs. JOHNSTONE, and other well-known Writers of Fiction, whose Works have obtained a large share of public approbation.

William Tait, Edinburgh: Chapman and Hall, 136 Strand, London.

On 1st January, 1845, No. 1. Price TWOPENCE; and PART I. in a Stitched Cover, containing Four Numbers, Price NINEPENCE, of a

PEOPLE'S EDITION

OF THE

LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By J. G. LOCKHART, Esq.

To be completed in ONE VOLUME, uniform with the WATERLOO NOVELS now in progress.

R. Cadell, Edinburgh; Houlston and Stoneman, London.

In a few days, 3 vols. post 8vo, 27s.

ALBERT LUNEL;

or, the Chateau of Languedoc.

London: Charles Knight and Co., 22 Ludgate Street.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S SHILLING

MAGAZINE

Will be published on the 1st of January, 1845 (to be continued Monthly).

The Work will be printed in small octavo, each Number containing Ninety-six Pages, and illustrated by an Etching on steel by LAMAR.

Published for the Proprietors of PUNCH, at the PUNCH OFFICE, 194 Strand (where communications for the Editor are to be addressed); and sold by all Booksellers.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S TABLE-

BOOK,

Edited by GILBERT A. ABECKETT.

Will be published on the 1st of January, 1845, and on the first day of every succeeding Month.

It will contain some of the best and most carefully selected Articles by the most popular Writers of the day, profusely illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, and handsomely printed on fine paper. Price One Shilling.

London: published for the Proprietors, at the Office, 194 Strand; where communications, &c. are to be addressed to the Editor.

Just ready, in fcp. 8vo, price 6s. 6d., the Second and concluding Series of

THE SABBATH COMPANION; being

ESSAYS on First Principles of Christian Faith and Practice.

By the Rev. THOMAS DALE, M.A.

Canon of St. Paul's, and Vicar of St. Bride's, London.

By the same Author.

Recently published, in fcp. 8vo, price 6s. 6d.

The SABBATH COMPANION (First Series):

being Essays on First Principles of Christian Faith and Practice.

"They are full of truth and beauty, and so may God speed them."

Church of England Quarterly.

Bowdery and Kerby, 190 Oxford Street; and all Booksellers.

On the 1st of January, 1845, with the Magazines, containing Sixty-four Pages, Double Columns, imperial 8vo, in a Wrapper, equal to one ordinary novel volume, price ONE SHILLING, instead of Half-a-Guinea, Part I. of

THE NOVEL TIMES:

consisting of Original Works of Fiction by the first Writers of the day; and Translations, by approved English Authors, of popular Foreign Novels, Tales, and Romances.

Contributors.—Mrs. Mary Howitt; G. P. R. James, Esq.; Captain Maclure, R.N.; the Hon. Mrs. Norton; Miss Pardoe; the Author of "The Subaltern;" the Author of "Caleb Sturtevant;" and other distinguished writers, whose names or titles will be announced as their works appear.

Published also in Weekly Numbers, in a Wrapper, price THREEPENCE, of which Nos. 1 and 2 are now ready; containing Chapters 1 to 5 of "Things Old and New," by the Author of "The Subaltern;" Letters 1 to 3 of "Letters from the Orient," by the Countess Hahn-Hahn; translated from the German by the Author of "Caleb Sturtevant."

Office, 12 Wellington Street North, Strand. Sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

New Volumes of Rose's Biographical Dictionary.

Now ready, in 8vo, price 18s., the Seventh Volume of a

NEW GENERAL BIOGRAPHICAL

DICTIONARY,

Projected and partly arranged

By the late Rev. HUGH JAMES ROSE, B.D.

Principal of King's College, London.

* The Work is also published in Parts, price 4s. 6d. each. B. Fellows; F. and J. Rivington; E. Hodgson; G. Lawford; J. M. Richardson; J. Bohn; J. Bain; J. Dowling; G. and A. Greenland; F. C. Westley; James Bohn; Capes and Co.; G. W. Nickerson; J. and J. Deighton, Cambridge; and J. H. Parker, Oxford.

KNIGHT'S WEEKLY VOLUME.

THE HISTORY OF BRITISH

COMMERCE.

By G. L. CHALK, A.M.

Vol. II. To be completed in Three Volumes.

London: Charles Knight and Co., 22 Ludgate Street.

Burke's Correspondence.

In 4 vols. 8vo, with Portrait, price 2l. 5s.

CORRESPONDENCE of the Right Hon.

EDMUND BURKE,

Between the Year 1744 and the Period of his Death in 1797. (Now first published.)

Edited by CHARLES WILLIAM, EARL FITZWILLIAM, and

Lieut.-General SIR RICHARD BOURKE, K.C.B.

Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place.

Price 10s. 6d.

ΔΗΜΟΣΘΕΝΟΣ Ο ΠΕΡΙ ΤΗΣ ΠΑΡΑΠΡΕ-

ΒΕΙΑΣ ΛΟΓΟΣ.

DEMOSTHENES DE FALSA LEGATIONE.

A New Edition, with a careful Revision of the Text: Annotata Critica: English Explanatory Notes, Philological and Historical; and Appendices.

By RICHARD SHILLET, M.A.

Trinity College, Cambridge.

By Deighton, Cambridge; and sold by Whittaker and Co., and Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London; and J. H. Parker, Oxford.

Price Sixpence.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE: a Present from

Germany. With Illuminated Picture of the Tree.

London: Darton and Clark, Holborn Hill.

In 1 thick volume 32mo, of 850 pages, price 6s.

A NEW ENGLISH AND FRENCH PRO-

NOUNCING DICTIONARY. In Two Parts.

By LEON SMITH.

This is the only Dictionary of this size and price containing the Pronunciation of all the Words of the English and French Languages, Colours, Weights and Measures; and particularly well adapted for students and Travellers.

Barth and Lovell, 14 Great Marlborough Street.

In 10 vols. 8vo, price 7l. 15s. a New Edition of

THE HISTORY OF EUROPE. From the

Commencement of the French Revolution to the Battle of Waterloo.

By ARCHIBALD ALISON, Esq. F.R.S.E.

This edition has been carefully revised and corrected; great additions have been made, drawn from original sources, referring especially to the internal history of the Revolution; Biographical Notes of all the leading characters; and a new Chapter introduced on the south American Revolution.

William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh; and 22 Pall Mall, London.

Price 7l. 7s.

PUGIN'S GLOSSARY OF ECCLESIASTICAL

ORNAMENT AND COSTUME, illustrated by nearly

Eighty Plates, splendidly printed in Gold and Colours, besides Woodcuts. A most magnificent volume, royal 4to, half-morocco extra, top edges gilt, the back and sides ornamented with appropriate devices in gold.

Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden.

Illustrated Works for Christmas.

ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS.

Translated by J. G. LOCKHART.

With Illuminated Title-pages, Coloured Borders, and 75 Woodcuts, &c. 4to.

"So beautifully an embellished volume was never offered to the world."—*Edinburgh Review*.

II.

"CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE."

By LORD BYRON. A New Edition. With 60 beautiful Vignettes. 8vo, 21s.

"A splendid work, worth illustrating, and worthily illustrated."—*Athenaeum*.

III.

"PUSS IN BOOTS." With Twelve Illus-

trations, suited to the Tastes of Little and Grown Children. By OTTO SCHREIER. 4to, 7s. 6d.

"Not mere sketches, but complete pictures; and tell the story with dramatic force."—*Spectator*.

John Murray, Albemarle Street; and to be obtained of all Booksellers in Town or Country.

An Amusing Present for Christmas and the New Year.

This day is published, in small 8vo, price 10s. 6d., elegantly bound, gilt edges, with a Portrait of the Author, and an Illustration by PHIZ.

THE COMIC MISCELLANY FOR 1845.

By JOHN POOLE, Esq., Author of "Paul Pry," &c.

HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER, 13 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

Orders received by all Booksellers.

ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1845,

To be continued WEEKLY, Price THREEPENCE, and MONTHLY, Price ONE SHILLING,

THE GALLERY OF NATURE:

A Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical Tour through Creation,

SHEWING FORTH

The Glories and Beauties of the Universe.

BY

The Rev. THOMAS MILNER, M.A., Author of "Astronomy and Scripture," &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY

MAPS, DIAGRAMS, AND LANDSCAPE ENGRAVINGS,

Under the Superintendence of C. F. SARGENT and E. EVANS.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY

WM. S. ORR AND CO., AMEN CORNER, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON;

WM. CURRY, JUNR. AND CO., DUBLIN; AND FRASER AND CO., EDINBURGH.

* Orders received by all Booksellers and News-vendors, who can be supplied with Prospectuses and Specimens on application to the Publishers.

HARRY LORREQUER'S NEW WORK.

On the 30th December, with the Magazines,

THE O'DONOGHUE:

A TALE OF IRELAND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

No. I.

To be continued MONTHLY, Price ONE SHILLING; with ILLUSTRATIONS by H. K. BROWNE (PHIZ).

WM. CURRY, JUNR. AND CO., DUBLIN; W. S. ORR AND CO. LONDON;

FRASER AND CO., EDINBURGH.

Sold by all Booksellers in Great Britain and the Colonies.

Uniformly with the "Wellington Despatches."

Just ready, with Portraits, Vols. I. to III., 8vo,

THE LETTERS AND DESPATCHES OF THE GREAT DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,

From 1702 to 1712, recently discovered at Woodstock.

Edited by General the Right Honourable Sir GEORGE MURRAY, G.C.B.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

FOURTH EDITION, with 115 Woodcuts, post 8vo, 10s. 6d.

HAND-BOOK OF NEEDLEWORK.

A complete Guide to every Kind of Decorative Needlework, Crochet, Knitting, and Netting.

By Miss LAMBERT, of New Burlington Street.

"Gracefully and well written."—*Athenæum*.

"A most curious and complete treatise."—*Atlas*.

"An eminently practical work; clear in its explanations, and precise in its directions."—*Polytechnic Review*.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

13 Great Marlborough Street, Dec. 6.
MR. COLBURN'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Now ready.

I. MY ADVENTURES. By Col. MONTGOMERY MAITWELL, K.H., Commanding the 36th Regiment. 2 vols. small 8vo, with Portraits, price 21s. bound.

II. THE PALAIS ROYAL. An Historical Romance. By the Author of "Henri Quatre; or, the Days of the League," 3 vols.

III. HILLINGDON HALL. A Tale of Country Life. By the Author of "Handley Cross," &c. 3 vols.

"The author of 'Handley Cross' is a writer of no common promise. He has a world of knowledge of life and manners beyond what most of those now in vogue can pretend to."—*Quarterly Review*.

The following are just ready.

IV. STRATHERN; or, Life at Home and Abroad. A Story of the Present Day. By the Countess of Bessborough.

V. A Cheap Edition of MR. LEVEN'S New Work,—ARTHUR O'LEARY: his Wanderings and Ponderings in Many Lands. Edited by his Friend, HARRY LORREQUER; and illustrated by GEORGE CAULKIN. Printed uniformly with the Author's other Works, in one volume 8vo, price 12s. handsomely bound. Henry Colburn, Publisher, 13 Great Marlborough Street.

In Mahogany Box, price 5s. 6d.; in Rosewood Box, 6s. 6d.
TUCK'S ROLLER CALENDAR FOR 1845.

This is a mode of affixing the Calendar for the whole year on two revolving cylinders, within an elegant case, so as to exhibit each day's information in a bold and novel manner, presenting Daily Memoranda indispensable to every housekeeper and man of business.

Published by G. Bell, Fleet Street; and sold by all Booksellers in town and country.

Price 5s., No. I. of The
LAW REVIEW,
contains—

1. The Study and Science of Jurisprudence—3. Resistance to the gradual improvement of the Law—5. On the Distinction between Law and Fact—4. The Law of Fees and Costs—5. A Memoir of the Lord Chief Baron Abinger—6. The Joint-Stock Companies Regulation Act—7. The Alteration in the Alien Law—8. Lord Brougham's Speech on the Relief of Scrupulous Persons from Oaths—9. Memoir of the late Lewis Duval, Esq.—10. The Revision of Public Bills—11. Legal Education—12. Recent Alterations in the Forms of Conveyances—13. The Writ of Certiorari in Criminal Cases—14. Bankruptcy and Insolvency; with a selection of adjudged Cases recently reported.

Owen Richards, Law Bookseller and Publisher, 194 Fleet Street.

THE FOREIGN LIBRARY.

PART XXIII., price 6s.

THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.

By M. MICHELET.

Part the First: to be completed in four Parts, forming two handsome octavo volumes.

Chapman and Hall, 186 Strand.

New Illustrated Work.

Now ready, elegantly bound in illuminated Vellum, price One Guinea.

CABINET of POETRY and ROMANCE: Full-length Female Portraits from BROWNE and SCOTT. Beautifully engraved; with Poetical Illustrations by CHARLES SWAIN.

* The work may also be had highly coloured, price 2l. 2s.

D. Bogue, 86 Fleet Street.

Cruikshank's Comic Almanack.

Now ready, price Half-a-Crown.

COMIC ALMANACK, 1845; containing Twelve Engravings by GEORGE CAULKIN, and numerous other illustrations. Among the Plates are—

Twelfth-Night Festivities—St. Valentine's-day—Anniversary of St. Patrick—Lady-day, old and new style—Spring Fancies—Festival of St. Paul's—Horticultural Fete—Summary Justice—Striving up the Great Fire of London—The Fall of the Leaf—Court of Young England—The National Gallery: Boxing Night, &c. &c.

D. Bogue, 86 Fleet Street.

Perkins on Haberdashery.—Seventh Edition.

In 1 vol. duodecimo, price 4s. bound in cloth.

A TREATISE ON HABERDASHERY and HOSEIERY: including the Manchester, Scotch, Silk, Linen, and Woollen departments, Foreign and Domestic: with concise Methods of Calculations, Ratings, Tabular References, and Remarks on the general Retail Trade, arranged so as to form an expeditious and practical introduction for the Apprentice, a guide to the Assistant, and a manual of reference to the Country Draper.

By E. E. PERKINS.

Seventh Edition, carefully revised and corrected, with many useful additions. London: printed for Thomas Tegg, 75 Chesapeake; and may be had by order of all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

